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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

NORTHERN France is said to offer a picture where bright lights alternate with dark shadows. Its bright aspects are the patient self-sacrificing industry of the returning population, laboring long hours, bravely picking up the threads of their broken lives, and reëstablishing the fragments of their shattered fortunes. The black shadows are the alleged corruption, prodigality, and waste of speculators and incompetent officials. The story of the former is told in the account which we republish from the *Times*. That of the latter is to be gathered from *Journal d'Amiens*, *Messager de la Somme*, and other papers published in the devastated territories. They report that a horde of rapacious adventurer architects, engineers, builders, and speculators have descended like a flock of vultures upon the country where restoration work is to be done.

A man whose residence should have cost 25,000 francs in the present condition of the currency, discovered that the architect was to receive 150,000 francs from the treasury for the job. He had to approve the accounts, none the less, and they were duly paid from the restoration appropriations. In another case, an architect collected 400,000 francs in fees for supervising the reconstruction of four small villages completed in a single summer. A local paper discussing this squandering of public money says: 'It looks as if banknotes were being turned out on rotary presses at so many hundred thousand an hour.' The Prefect of the Somme was able in one case to force a contractor to return more than 600,000 francs of illicit gains.

Some of this laxness may be due to a hope of making Germany pay the bills; but it is said to be caused mainly by the same bureaucratic inefficiency which Dr. Dillon scores so scathingly in his *Inside History of the Peace Conference*.

One prefect in the devastated regions recently stated that although ample time had already elapsed to complete them, specifications for only three of the 35,000 buildings embraced in the reconstruction plan for his district were ready for approval. Volumes might be written regarding similar bureaucratic delays and blunders. Many of the officials are said to be demobilized subalterns or non-commissioned officers, appointed to their posts in return for political services. Stenographers, of whom hundreds are employed in the reconstruction bureau at Lille alone, receive a minimum salary of 330 francs

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a month, plus 20 per cent in lieu of quarters. The ordinary bureau clerk is paid from 459 to 833 francs a month in addition to bonuses. Many employees in this service receive from 1200 to 1500 francs a month, besides extra allowances. Meantime, people holding similar positions outside the government service have to be content with 75 francs a week.

A QUESTION that presents itself with increasing insistence to observers of international affairs, is whether the bonds that hold together the British Empire may not even in the very flush of its greatest military achievement be on the point of breaking. Naturally this is not a subject for hasty conclusions. There have been previous crises in the Empire's history when it lost vast territories and faced serious internal dissensions, only to recover from its temporary calamities with increased vigor. Following the war, the Dominions have begun to exercise consciously greater autonomy than ever before; and their technical right to abstain from a war involving the mother country is now formally recognized. The recent electoral campaign in South Africa calls attention to a state of anti-imperial sentiment that is repeated with local modifications in Ireland, Egypt, and India. One outcome of the Entente victory was to relieve the African colonists of their only dangerous neighbors, the Germans. Conditions following the war have, as in every other country enjoying the blessings of European civilization, conspired to foster labor unrest and social discontent. At the general parliamentary election which occurred on March 10, the Nationalists, who advocate the complete separation of South Africa from the Empire, secured a larger number of seats than any other party. Their representatives now form approximately a third of the national legislature, and in alliance with labor — which is reported not unfriendly to their aims — they might command a majority. As matters stand, however, it is probable that General Smuts's South African party, in alliance with the strongly pro-British Unionists, will retain the reins of power. However, a striking letter from General Smuts points out the possibilities with which the present agitation confronts South Africa: 'If the Nationalists are returned strong enough, we shall be discussing at our next Parliament, not the cost of living, nor the industrial development of South Africa, but secession from the British Empire; and there is danger that while Parliament will be talking in Cape Town, commandos may be forming in the Transvaal and the Free State.

The final results of the election were as follows:

Nationalists	43
South African Party	40
Unionists	25
Labor	21
Independents	3

PRESIDENT Thomas Masaryk, of Czecho-Slovakia, celebrated his seventieth birthday on March 7th. He was born of poor parents of Slovak descent, in the little town of Moravia. In his youth he was for a short period a locksmith's apprentice. Nevertheless, he was able to acquire a university education, studying philosophy at Vienna and Leipzig. His academic career began in 1882, when he was appointed Professor of Philosophy at Prague. Since then he has been constantly identified with literary and political movements among his own people. On two notable occasions he proved his readiness to sacrifice popularity for what he believed right. In

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the first case, he exposed the forgery of a historical manuscript to which the Czechs were for national reasons fanatically attached. In the second instance he espoused the cause of a friendless youth unjustly charged with ritual murder, against whom popular prejudice and indignation were intense. As president he has distinguished himself by moderation and courage. He appears to have kept above party controversies, to have retained the confidence of his people, and to have made himself a permanent place in history by his moral qualities, and not, like many of his contemporaries, mainly by political adroitness or military adventure.

CONTEMPORARY Italian politics illustrate forcibly the rather obvious truth that while great issues beget new parties they also create divisions within parties. The recently formed Clerical People's party of Italy is having the latter experience — an experience being repeated with modifications wherever the social conflict runs athwart political unity based upon common religious faith. Similar issues are sowing dissensions within the Centre party of Germany.

In Italy, the People's party includes a radical wing which takes its name from its leader, Migilioli. The movement he represents springs from two issues — the war itself, and the social transformation following that conflict.

Migilioli is a pacifist, occupying upon this issue a position in the Clerical party analogous to that of the Independents and Communists in European Socialist parties. To him and his followers, the war is still a living influence in politics, because the men who supported war betrayed a moral turpitude which makes them unworthy of future confidence.

This sentiment alone would not be strong enough to hold together a political party as the war itself recedes into the background of history; but the division it creates chances to run parallel with another cleavage among the Clericals, into radical reformers and conservatives. And here Migilioli presents himself as a new Savonarola. His rude eloquence moves the masses and he preaches social reforms in the guise of a religio-political reformation. He seeks thus to wed faith with social discontent. In regard to the first, he has nothing in common with the Socialists who see human progress exclusively under material aspects. He has organized the rural proletariat of Cremona and secured the partial adoption of measures for the betterment of his followers, that follow in many details the doctrines of Karl Marx.

ACCORDING to *Berliner Tageblatt* Hamburg is beginning to recover from the depression caused by the interruption of its foreign commerce during five years of war and blockade. Life has returned to its wharves, although the vessels that handle its imports and exports sail under foreign flags. Hamburg merchants are chartering vessels abroad, which fly the colors of their own countries together with those of Germany. Imports include hides, cotton, lubricating oil, and provisions. Exports are more varied and no longer are vessels departing in ballast, as they did when trade was first resumed. A great demand for German products exists, especially in South America, and is growing daily. Hamburg's maritime rival is Rotterdam, which has become a relatively more important port since the war than before. The trade of Czecho-Slovakia will probably pass through Hamburg, as that country has no disposition to

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promote the prosperity of a town so largely under Polish influence as Danzig. Real estate is active. The stock exchange is very busy handling both securities and foreign bills.

CIVILICA CATTOLICA, a leading organ of the Italian Catholics, thus criticizes the Versailles Treaty:

> What is most important and will have a decisive effect upon future history is the absence of a spiritual or ethical purpose. It is devoid of all recognition of justice, of moral sanction, and of Christian charity. It denies God and His eternal laws, and His name is not mentioned in the document. For this reason it is a baneful thing and an obstacle to reconciliation. Such are the true contents of those 440 articles of peace, which might be more properly called articles of war, agreed upon by more than 30 victorious powers and imposed upon a single vanquished enemy — that is, in a word, the famous Treaty of Versailles. It is a document that posterity, when the passions and hatreds of the day have waned, will remember in quite a different spirit. Its consequences will be disastrous not only for the vanquished but also for the victors. We have said before and we repeat more emphatically now: 'We have paved the path to new wars, and the chart of that path we are to follow is called in scornful irony a peace treaty.'

THE following placard recently appeared on the walls of the Grand Mosque of Tunis:

> Glory to God forever! Oh, Mussulmans, in view of the report published this morning in the newspapers of the occupation of the capital of Turkey, which is the city of the Caliphate, every Mussulman should participate in a demonstration which will be held to-day, at one o'clock in the afternoon, before the Government House, to protest against a measure that spells disaster for the Islam religion.

Although the police immediately tore down the poster, many hundreds assembled at the appointed time in front of the Government House. Many students from the Grand Mosque School were in the throng. The people were perfectly quiet and law-abiding, but demanded that a delegation of six or seven of their number be received by the Resident General. The latter promptly granted their request, and a discussion of the situation followed in which it was explained that the occupation of Constantinople would in no way affect the prestige or independence of their religion.

At the recent elections at Algiers — where the franchise laws have recently been liberalized in their application to natives, two tickets were put up. One of these apparently was put in the field by a group of educated natives in sympathy with the government. The other ticket was headed by the grandson of one of the old chiefs, and probably represented the real sentiment of the people. At least that ticket won. Its supporters made political capital of the fact that the government's candidates were natives who had become naturalized citizens of the republic. The French authorities annulled these elections.

LAST month a widespread strike of agricultural laborers occurred in Northern Italy. According to the reports in the Italian press, 260,000 ceased work. The dispute was characterized by a conflict of interests and policies between the Catholic labor confederation and the Socialist confederation, in which the former was hampered by its association with the People's party, which is an alliance of conservative and capitalist elements with radical labor organizations. The working people seem inclined, therefore, to drift into the more radical party.

About the same time a serious dispute occurred between agricultural employers and farm laborers in the big estate territories of Germany east of the Elbe.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA has recently held a general election. According to

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Germania, of the 300 members of the new Parliament, between 134 and 140 will be Czechs, 70 or 80 Germans, 45 Slovaks, 80 or 90 Hungarians, nine Ruthenians and four or five Poles. Were the Slovaks to join the delegations from the other minority nations, a non-Czech coalition might control the government. If, in spite of gerrymandering in favor of the Czechs, this political prognostication is true, it illustrates strikingly the difficulty of creating a new government in Europe along strictly national lines.

Another political matter is simultaneously occupying the attention of the Czechs. Fifty delegates from the Czecho-Slovak troops in Siberia have returned to Prague to defend themselves and some 3000 of their comrades before a court-martial. They and their associates refused to fight the Bolsheviki, and formed an opposition party, within the greater group of Czecho-Slovak troops, which tried to prevent the latter from fighting the Moscow Government. These recalcitrants were arrested and sent to forced labor in Siberian mines and prison camps.

IN spite of the serious efforts of far-sighted Frenchmen to better relations with their restored provinces, discontent in the latter apparently continues to increase. The conservative *Journal des Debats* publishes a letter from a clerical correspondent, Abbé Schies, cautioning the government of conditions

which constitute a serious peril for the cause of France and for French ideals and influence in Alsace-Lorraine. Since November, 1918, the love of France has not grown and we see everywhere discontent and disappointment. I do not refer to mere captious criticism but to irrefutable facts. Over and above these things, it is the duty of Catholics to protest against the fearful decline in public morals, and against improper plays and conditions created by the military forces now passing through the country. . . . Unfortunately, most of the officials whom you send here cannot speak the language of the people, so that protests and complaints never reach their ears. Furthermore, there is too great readiness to attribute criticism to lack of patriotism.

According to *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, the working classes have been seriously alienated. At a largely attended conference of civil servants, held in Strassburg on February 8, the words of a Socialist speaker who declared, 'Our patience is at an end, we are not responsible if it comes to a conflict,' were received with a frenzy of applause. So far as the press reports permit an inference, the Clericals and Socialists are united in their criticism of the present administration.

GERMANY has not only an emigration, but also an immigration problem. During the war and the succeeding disorders on its eastern frontier a great number of homeless refugees have crowded into Berlin from Galicia and neighboring territories. Between 80 and 90 per cent of these are Jews, who are mostly unemployed, and in many cases unemployable. Their presence in the city, suffering as it is from a shortage of provisions and from enforced idleness among its native workers, is causing vigorous protest. Crowded into the poorest tenements, they are said to threaten the public health, and their criminal record is bad.

KÖLNISCHE ZEITUNG discusses in a leading article the probability of an enduring peace between Roumania and Soviet Russia. Both countries lay claim to the old Russian province of Bessarabia, which is now in Roumanian control. The Soviet authorities, on the other hand, have something over $66,000,000 of Roumanian gold in their possession.

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This represents the holdings of the Roumanian national bank which were taken to Moscow when the German invasion swept over that country in 1916. A little later securities and valuables deposited in the other banks of Roumania were also taken to Moscow. Altogether Soviet Russia now has in its possession Roumanian gold, silver, and securities to the value of nearly a billion and a quarter dollars, a considerable fraction of the entire wealth of the former kingdom.

THE *Palestine Weekly*, a Zionist paper printed in Jerusalem, brings news of a project to develop the water power of the river Jordan. Since Palestine is a land without coal or fuel of any kind, industrial progress depends largely upon utilizing the power resources of the country to generate electricity. It is suggested that the Jordan, thus harnessed, would supply not only power, light, and heat, but would also work pumps to irrigate extensive valley lands now barren.

[*The Times* (Northcliffe Press), *February 4*]

REMAKING RUINED FRANCE

PERONNE, Bapaume, Arras, La Bassée, Laventie, Armentières, Lille, Cambrai, Valenciennes, Avesnes, St. Quentin — names glorious forever in the history of the British race, the graves of hundreds of thousands of our British dead! These, and many other places no less memorable, I have visited in the course of a recent tour of upward of four hundred miles through the departments of the Somme, Pas-de-Calais, Nord, and Aisne. I wished to see 'how France is getting on' in the way of 'reconstruction.'

Before describing the manner in which our ally is tackling the problem of restoring to life the land thrown out of cultivation and the buildings destroyed by the war, I shall give a picture of the general state of affairs which is to be found in the more advanced parts of the devastated areas. I say 'the more advanced,' for I understand that in other parts of the front, such as the neighborhood of Verdun, which I did not visit, the destruction of the soil, and everything else, is so complete that it has so far been impossible to do anything in the way of reconstruction comparable with what has been done in the districts now under review.

First let it be said that a week in the *Régions Libérées* at this time of year is like one long funeral. The sky is overcast; there is frequent rain; the mud is indescribable. The lamentable aspect of the ruined towns and villages, the vivid impression of death which haunts some parts of the battlefields, the thought of what France has innocently suffered in the utter loss of 38 per cent of her men between the ages of 20 and 30 — all these things fill the mind at first with a feeling of despair. But for the character of the French peasant, patient, indomitable, devoted to the soil, and willing to encamp in the merest fragment of his own house, and suffer every kind of hardship, if only he may 'get back to the land' and produce a harvest this year, the prospect would be gloomy indeed. I shall presently show that, because of

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this very character, there are many features of the scene which give rise to hope.

The battlefields for the most part are unrecognizable as such. In the four departments which I visited, the area devastated was as follows:

	Acres
Aisne	1,820,390
Nord	1,242,410
Somme	844,740
Pas-de-Calais	377,910
Total	4,285,450

The whole of this area a year ago was a wilderness of shell holes, trenches, barbed wire entanglements, and all the hideous *débris* of the war. To-day, over an astonishingly large part of the ground, trenches and shell holes have been filled up, projectiles and barbed wire have been collected, and often on both sides of the road as far as the eye can reach the land is under plough. Not only so, but even on the rich soil of the Nord there is abundant manuring, for competition is keen among the farmers as to the comparative yields of their respective plots.

The following figures, which give the area brought under cultivation before the end of last year, should be compared with those above in order to realize to what extent the French peasant in these districts is 'getting back to the land.'

	Acres
Aisne	476,443
Nord	926,250
Somme	150,670
Pas-de-Calais	74,100
Total	1,627,463

The remainder is lying fallow, a dreary tousled growth of coarse grass hiding the scorbutic surface of the soil. It is only for the first few miles to the south of St. Quentin, by the route that I followed, that one sees about the country, apart from occasional scattered crosses or dumps of *débris*, any obvious signs of war. Along some roads the trees have been replanted, and there is fresh paint on the kilometre stones.

One is struck by the absence of cattle and horses — until one learns how many the Germans carried off. The totals which were removed from the four departments were:

	Head
Aisne	133,021
Nord	314,400
Somme	80,000
Pas-de-Calais	148,900
Total	676,321

Here and there, indeed, apart from the horses ploughing one comes across groups of livestock. As a matter of fact, the numbers which have either been restored or introduced afresh by December were as follows:

	Head
Aisne	60,000
Nord	43,157
Somme	15,900
Pas-de-Calais	6,503
Total	125,560

But the figures are eloquent witness enough to the frightful losses which the peasants have suffered in livestock alone.

Obviously, the first step to be taken, and the one on which all reconstruction depends, was the restoration of roads, railways, and canals. In this respect the work already done is very remarkable. Taking the four departments together, the following figures were reached before the end of the year:

	Miles destroyed	Miles repaired
Ordinary railways	1,022*	968
Local lines	946	405
Roads	11,102	1,252
Canals	813	350
Total	13,883	2,975

*Omitting the Department of the Nord, for which returns are not yet available.

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At first sight, the mileage of roads repaired appears comparatively small. I can only accept the official figures, and suppose that the mileage of roads destroyed includes all the smaller country roads, the repair of which cannot take precedence over that of the main roads at a time when labor and materials are both scarce. As for the main roads, enough have been repaired or remade to render communication with such towns as are not served by railways at least tolerable, and generally good. The state of the minor roads is not nearly so serious as the shortage of petrol.

Many officials refer to this; I am not quite sure whether the difficulty arises from an absolute lack of the fuel or from bureaucratic delays in distribution. One got the impression that there are excellent men both at the top and at the bottom of the hierarchical ladder, but that, as in other countries, the total speed of the administrative machine was apt to be retarded by intermediate officials, who, faced with exceptional circumstances, do not realize the need for exceptional energy in dealing with them.

There are, however, so many other hindrances — the fatigue both of men and of *matériel*, and, above all, the appalling weather — that the best output of even the best organization must inevitably fall short of what those who depend upon it could desire.

Turning now to the towns and villages, one's first impression on entering is that the streets are practically empty. But the official figures show that a remarkable proportion of the population has returned. As long ago as October 1, the numbers who had returned to the departments of the Aisne, Nord, Pas-de-Calais, and Somme were 129,600, 510,842, 256,750, and 19,800 respectively — a total of 916,992.

The reason why one sees so few people in any place is that they are at work all over the place. I remember how, in Arras, the noise of hammers resounded long after dark. The town was really a hive of industry, although by day it looked half deserted. At night, of course, the only thing to be done was to go to bed. It is amazing that people should be able to start work again morning after morning in circumstances so utterly depressing; and these, it must be remembered, are not young men and women with their lives before them, but old men and women, who have lost everything, and have somehow to begin their lives again.

The vast majority of these people are living in ruined houses, which have been 'rendered inhabitable'— an elastic expression which may cover anything from a comparatively watertight cellar to a patched room or two in a building with a tarpaulin roof.

Meanwhile, the problem of lodging homeless inhabitants and imported workmen pending rebuilding had to be faced. The frightful difficulty was that before a town could be rebuilt the ruins had to be cleared. In some cases, indeed, as at Chauny, where the Germans mined the cellars, this was comparatively easy, for, instead of a house, there is a hole. But it is obvious that one cannot live and build on the same spot at the same time. Consequently there is a population of more than 100,000 living in huts.

The plan adopted has been to erect little villages of huts on open spaces inside, or immediately outside, the town or village to be rebuilt. These huts are of various kinds, not all equally satisfactory. Among them are Nyssen huts — double semi-circular corrugated iron shelters, raised on brick walls some four feet high, with external chimney. These are divided

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into a living room and two bedrooms; among the objections to them are the absence of any place for washing clothes or keeping rabbits, and the fact that, unless they are lined, the internal iron is damp with condensation. The so-called Swiss huts have a fair-sized living room and bedroom and two smaller rooms, with a kind of veranda in front, which, when partially enclosed, makes a shed; but the double wooden walls do not keep out the cold. Others are built of plaster panels which need constant repair, with roofs of tarred paper which leak; they have two rooms, and an unnecessarily large shed at the back.

The 'Russian' huts are comfortable; they have double wooden walls, with large airspace, and a cement floor to the living rooms; there are three bedrooms and a shed. Commonest of all are the 'semi-temporary' wooden-frame brick houses, with clay joints; in some, the walls are sprayed outside with cement wash; in others, the joints are raked out and pointed with cement; they have three rooms, with cement floors, and a veranda-shed in front or behind. All alike are heated by the iron cooking stoves in the living rooms.

At Marcoing, near Cambrai, an interesting experiment was tried with hollow blocks of an agglomerate of brickdust and cement. The houses are an attractive rose pink in color, with four good rooms on the ground floor, attic, and cellars. All internal corners are rounded, and the internal walls merely need distempering. The cheapest cost 5000 francs and can be built in a fortnight. The entire plan includes 800 houses of this material, with spacious schools forming a group with the Mairie.

At Soissons there are being built a large number of excellent stone houses with red-tiled roofs. One of these houses, consisting of three rooms and a shed, can be built by eight men in a month. They look as if they would last for years.

Of the 14,000 houses in St. Quentin before the war, every single one was hit. Four thousand can be repaired; 6500 have been rendered inhabitable temporarily; 1800 brick houses have been built in November and December. It is estimated that the mere clearing up of St. Quentin will cost 20,000,000 francs and that its rebuilding will come to at least 600,000,000 francs.

Lens is a more terrible sight even than St. Quentin. It has been often described, and no description approaches the reality. In the midst of the grimy remains of a gigantic game of spillikins, a population of 6600 out of 35,000 is living in surroundings of which we can form no conception. There is, however, a hospital. There is also a school, where the children, though backward, as is inevitable after their broken education, look fairly well. The main sewer has been cleaned. What, however, gives thought to the engineers is how they are going to get rid of the water from the pits.

The first person to return to Armentières was an old woman of eighty-two, who 'wanted to see her home.' She died two days later.

It was found that people prefer to realize their savings to waiting for assistance from the state, thus showing that they have at least as great confidence in the land as in their investments. I could not get a cigar in Cambrai. I could, however, have bought, which would apparently have been more hygienic, a rubber toothbrush, advertised as follows:

'Do you wish
To avoid soar throats
Enjoy all the flavor of your food
Give to your voice a clear phonotion
Avoid the roots of your teeth
becomming uncovered.'

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I talked with the inhabitants of huts in various places. Apart from the anxiety about fuel, the peasants have only one pre-occupation, that of getting the land back into condition. All spoke of the shortage of coal; one or two mentioned damp, but with a shrug of resignation; none uttered a single word of complaint; many expressed firm confidence in the future. As a whole, they reminded me of the oldest inhabitant of a certain wet and dismal spot that I knew on the border of Alaska, rapidly becoming intolerable even to the most optimistic, who signed his weekly articles to the editor of the local newspaper, 'Yours to remain, George Smith.'

This glorious spirit is restoring the ruined regions of North France.

FRANCE AND GERMANY CONVERSE

[*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Semi-Official Daily), *March 1*]

I. *A German Overture*

BY A DIPLOMAT

THERE is no question but what public opinion in Germany is hostile to France. We cannot pause to determine in detail how far this sentiment is just or unjust. We blame France for many things which are rightly chargeable to the whole Entente, and for many things for which responsibility rests upon one or another of France's allies. But after subtracting all this enough is left to explain the German feeling. We need only recall the policy pursued, and the incidents that have occurred, in the Rhine countries; the attitude of the French press, with very few exceptions; and finally, the incomprehensible blunders of the government, such as that committed by the French Minister of War when he demanded that our armament be limited beyond the requirements of the treaty, the very day that Lloyd George, as Chairman of the Supreme Council, granted us three months' additional time for reducing it.

Let us point out that the feelings of the German public will not determine our policy toward France. Not sentiment, but cold reason will be our guide, and the latter will persuade us to a more friendly course. This necessary appeal to reason is hindered instead of helped by the fawning attitude of some of our editors, who glow with enthusiasm for French friendship, or who fancy that the French Government seeks real reconciliation. Such people refer vaguely to "information" which is grotesquely contrary to facts of common knowledge. They transfer the professional practices of a reporter to the discussion of world policies, and in their blind allegiance to 'original information' disregard facts that everyone knows and appreciates. Although handicapped by these undesirable confederates, who in addition sometimes try to conciliate France by reviling England, I shall venture to point out in an unsentimental and business-like way the only common-sense course which the historical and geographical relations of Germany and France enable them to pursue.

The friendship or hostility of these two countries have always in the past

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and will always in the future, be a barometer of world peace. Even an imaginary threat against France on our part will bring into immediate being a world coalition against us. France is deeply impressed with the danger we present. Its fear that our military and police organizations may be developed into another gigantic army, to be employed in a war of revenge, is a real fear. That is why France demands our complete disarmament and why many men qualified to be good judges shut their eyes to our real military weakness. This cardinal consideration forces France to do all in its power to support the present German Government. Our existing democratic ministry, although deeply impressed with the necessity and the future inevitability of revising the Versailles Treaty, is equally convinced that such a revision cannot be procured by force of arms. Therefore, our present government is a guaranty against aggressive militarism. But if the reactionaries should again come into power, that would mean a revival of old military dynastic and imperialist policies. In spite of all this, the French Government endangers the very existence of the present German Government by insisting on measures which imperil public security and economic progress. France has not yet decided which of two incompatible possibilities it desires; to trust German democracy as a guaranty of peace and to enable it to carry out the work of economic and moral reconstruction essential to meet its reparation obligations, or to regard such reconstruction as the first step toward military recovery, and therefore prevent it, and to stake its safety upon extending its Rhine policy to the entire Empire.

We believe that the second course is impracticable. To partition Germany would not result in such a situation as existed in the old days of the Rhine Union. The resistance offered to such a policy in the Palatinate and the Rhine territories shows that the sentiment of German unity cannot be destroyed. It would be equally impossible to break up Germany as an economic unit. The importance which coal plays in modern production and the specialization of industries have created a naturally interdependent commercial and industrial area which absolutely blocks attempts at political subdivision. So long as Germany remains a great economic unit, separatist movements will be futile. Were that unity to disappear, the little champions of petty parochial rights would speedily see that all they had accomplished was to perpetuate their own insignificance. The Empire of 1871 was possibly an artificial creation politically, but the nation of 1920 is a living organism—it may show here and there upon the surface traces of ancient sutures, but is a single organism at heart. Everyone realizes at a glance that a horde of petty states would never be able to pay for war reparation.

The only practical road before France and Germany is to ascertain what is essential for the national existence of each and to harmonize their respective requirements. It is equally obvious that we as the vanquished must take the initiative in this effort. No better opportunity will occur than the present moment to put such an idea into practice. With this programme is associated the whole problem of restoring the destroyed regions. French indecision is responsible for the fact that so little has been accomplished there. The selfish interests of its own exploiting classes have prevented its seeing that this restoration will continue to be a task for thirty years to

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come, in which all parties must coöperate. Naturally, we must yield to France in the military question. We must not give the slightest excuse for a belief that we are trying to evade the army clauses of the treaty. But we are perfectly justified in trying to show that 100,000 men are not enough to maintain order at home during the disturbed post-bellum period.

What we may properly claim in a purely businesslike negotiation with France is something to be discussed later. It is enough for the present that not only in England but also in France people are beginning to see that some of our claims are justified. An interesting phase of this dawning idea is that people in each country seek to satisfy us at the expense of some other allied government. England is opposed to French ambitions along the Rhine and is quite ready to discuss the disarmament question. Influential men in that country advocate limiting our financial obligations. France attaches first importance to reparation, but thinks that Germany is quite justified in asking for the return of some of its colonies and spheres of influence in Asia, and for an allotment of tonnage; and finally, it is favorable to an international credit organization, which France itself needs hardly less than Germany.

We derive no advantage from the fact that each of the two principal governments in the alliance opposed to us is trying to relieve Germany of some of its obligations at the expense of its associate. That only lessens our chance of getting anything. When the Entente begins to disagree in its own councils we are forced to negotiate with individual governments with the utmost caution, in order to secure a common agreement and not to imperil our good relations with one nation in order to insure concessions from another. France is our neighbor; France needs our indemnities most. Therefore, our first reconciliation should be with her, in spite of the fact that public sentiment in both countries seems to stand directly in the way.

[*Le Temps* (Semi-Official Daily), *March 4*]

II. *French Doubts*

UNHAPPILY the German people continue their habit of forming to order their opinions regarding public policy. They believe what they are told to believe, and make no effort to see the things that are not shown to them. A great majority of the Germans are still convinced that the armies of William II never devastated the North of France. Therefore, whenever they are confronted with some new obligation to fulfill they attribute this to diabolical French propaganda. An English High Commissioner rules at Danzig and no one whispers a word of protest; but a French General visits Gleiwitz and a bottle is thrown at his head at once. Hatred of France is systematically cultivated. The idea of a war of revenge against France is being driven into the youth of Germany. So long as this kind of propaganda continues we need not be surprised that the German people keep on hating us.

A diplomat, writing in the semi-official *Allgemeine Zeitung*, states that foreign policies should be controlled by sound reason and reflection. He adds that the relations between France and Germany have always determined the political condition of Europe and that they will continue to do so. We agree with him fully on both these points. We cannot make war and peace at the same time. If France and Germany are going to live in a state of constant hostility, as though no Treaty of Peace existed, they will never become reconciled and sooner or later

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Europe will blaze up again. Yes, we must resort to reason. We hope that the German diplomat whom we cite will, in his turn, concede this point to us.

He asserts that France is still hesitating between two policies: whether to regard the democratic régime in Germany a guaranty of peace and to give economic support to this government, so that Germany can meet its reparation payments; or to consider that Germany is still a military menace and try to partition it by encouraging separatist movements in the different states.

We reply with a clear conscience that French policy has never been directed toward partitioning Germany. It was for this very reason that Mr. Clemenceau has been criticized. Those who criticized him were not usually Imperialists. They did not dream of destroying German nationality the way the Government of Wilhelm II hoped to destroy Belgian nationality. They simply protest against the preponderance of Prussia, which is dominated by the anti-democratic influences that have their stronghold east of the Elbe. What France wants first and foremost is to be assured that the things that have happened in the past will not occur again. This Berlin diplomat wishes us to regard German democracy as a guaranty of peace. But if he were looking at the situation from Paris he would first of all inquire, What proof have we that Germany is truly democratic? He would try to inform himself of domestic policies in Germany. For instance, he would follow with attention a great government organ like *Vorwärts*, and he would find in last Sunday's issue an article by Mr. Scheidemann, a Socialist leader who was recently Premier, at the same time recalling that Mr. Scheidemann resigned rather than sign the Treaty of Versailles. He will not expect to find a man of this type led astray by pacifist or revolutionary Utopias. Consequently, he will be inclined to take at its full face value such testimony as the following from that gentleman:

> Let us speak frankly. Our reactionary civil servants and school teachers constitute a great danger for the young German republic. Over and above that, no one should shut his eyes to the intrigues of the reactionary officers in the *Reichswehr*. It does not seem an unreasonable demand to insist that the time has come for a general housecleaning. . . . It is to be feared that the Government in Berlin does not realize how much reactionary propaganda is going on throughout the country. This is why the agitation has not been watched and combated as it should have been. The situation in our higher institutions of learning is particularly serious.

We do not venture to express an opinion upon the evolution of sentiment at Berlin, in the Majority parties that support the cabinet of Mr. Bauer. The diplomat who writes in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* is in a far better position than we are to measure its importance and direction. But are we not sufficiently forewarned by Mr. Scheidemann in forming our opinion of domestic policies in Germany?

Let us turn now to foreign affairs. We are frank in saying that we do not understand the contradictory measures which Germany appears to be taking in this field. The German Government wants to keep its 'public safety troops,' although it has no right to do so under the Treaty of Versailles. It tries to convince the Allies that it cannot dispense with such a supplementary force, and at the same time suppress the Spartacan insurrections anticipated to occur the coming summer. If our information is correct, these public security forces are scattered all over Germany, and the strongest detachments are invariably stationed in the towns where the corps commanders of the regular army have

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their headquarters. The organization is very carefully worked out. At Hamburg, for example, we are told that all the civilians enrolled in the public security forces have been dismissed and replaced by regular soldiers; and that the corps in the urban district now consists of 50 officers and about 2750 men, in addition to 30 officers and 1500 men at the harbor. Of course, we do not guarantee the infallibility of these statistics, and we are not questioning the propriety of retaining or abolishing the public security forces. We merely point out that Germany is maintaining a considerable military organization on the ground that it is necessary to defend the government against Bolshevism.

But simultaneously, what other news are we getting from Berlin? The German authorities are negotiating a very complete agreement with the Bolshevist delegate, Kopp. German missions are leaving for the Soviet country. In a word, Republican Berlin is renewing with Moscow the relations that were established some time ago by the old Imperial Government, the very relations that afforded an opportunity for Joffe, the Russian Ambassador, to install in the heart of Berlin a Bolshevist propaganda centre. So Bolshevism is no longer dangerous for Germany! If so, we ask why the government requires a special military organization to fight it?

It may be answered that Bolshevism is indeed dangerous in the opinion of the German Government, but that superior considerations of policy force that government to risk this danger. That was precisely what General Ludendorff thought. But General Ludendorff was not a democrat and he made friends with Bolshevist Russia in order to have a free hand to fight his enemies on the West. Surely, that cannot be a policy which the present government would like to suggest as possible.

This Berlin diplomat, who wants us to regard German democracy as a guaranty of peace, must be given to understand that the public of France is still bewildered and suspicious. We are not blinded by prejudice. We are fully aware that our country, if only for the selfish purpose of being paid its debts, is interested in the economic recovery of Germany. We expect good results from the financial conference to be called by the League of Nations. We are tempted to believe also that the common interests of France and Germany, of the creditor and the debtor, bid us fix at the earliest possible date the total sum to be paid for reparation. But face to face with the impression which German policy makes upon us, we cannot close our eyes to Mr. Scheidemann's fears. We hope that the writers and readers and above all the inspirers of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, will not close their eyes to the impressions which their policy is making upon us in France.

[*Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative Daily, English Occupied Territory), *March 6*]

III: *Rhineland Elucidations*

Le Temps' leader deserves careful pondering in Germany. For the first time, this authoritative journal discusses matters which every German interested in the recovery of his country wishes to see considered. Its editor takes the position that the relations between France and Germany will have a determining influence upon the restoration of Europe. That agrees with the views which we have expressed with unmistakable emphasis. Every German will welcome such a policy of reconciliation, and in its interest we can make concessions to which the French people and *Le*

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Temps attach great value. Such concessions have been discussed in Germany for nearly a year. They were suggested in the counter-proposals which our former Minister of Foreign Affairs, Graf Brockdorff-Rentzau, submitted to the Peace Conference in Paris. If the ruling statesmen of the Entente, including President Wilson, could have made up their minds last June to have discussed these proposals, Europe today would have been in a much better situation than it is.

Le Temps still cherishes doubts on certain points. We understand that. What causes it the most concern is that the German people generally believe that France is their country's worst enemy. In discussing sentiment in our country that journal depends upon the statements of the German press. We would like to return an answer in kind. How can a man in Berlin, Hamburg, Cologne, or Munich, inform himself of the intentions of the French Government, and indirectly of the French people, toward Germany? Surely, his only way is to read the French newspapers, and in particular, the articles which special correspondents of the leading French journals write from Germany upon the political, social, and economic conditions there. Now, we invite the editorial writer of *Le Temps*, whom we know to be a man who desires to form his opinions on the best authority, to read calmly what these correspondents have written home. Then we would ask him to compare with their letters what American and English journalists, who have been in Germany during our critical period, have written as to the possibility of our economic recovery. If he does not thereupon conclude that most of the French reports are inspired by the idea which Camille Huysmanns, the Belgian Socialist leader, designates as the fundamental policy of the Peace Treaty — the worse Germany is ruined, the more prosperous other countries will be — we will acknowledge gladly that French sentiment has reversed itself since those articles were written. The German people have realized since the armistice — yes, even since before the war — that France and Germany are called upon to work shoulder to shoulder for the welfare of Europe. Such a policy is already winning favor, thanks to a conviction that has gained ground in England sooner than in France, and thanks to the insight of Italy, whose Premier has expressed the same view at London, that Germany's productive labor is indispensable in the work of restoration. If the Germans themselves are convinced that our nation has a definite contribution to make to the common weal of humanity, France ought not then to attribute this to German arrogance, but rather to rejoice that the humbled and oppressed German people still have enough self-respect and self-confidence to hope to emerge from the misery in which under-nourishment, lack of raw materials, and a disastrous state of exchange have plunged them.

Le Temps believes that it is justified in distrusting Germany to some extent, because it thinks our country desires again to become a military power. Our public security forces and the *Reichswehr* offend it particularly, because that journal thinks such agencies are no longer necessary, inasmuch as the German Government itself shows that it no longer believes it is in danger from Bolshevism. This is because our government is negotiating with the delegate of the Soviets — Victor Kopp — who is in Berlin for the purpose of making a commercial treaty! Such sophistries, however, will convince no one. That paper must be aware of the recent disturbances in front of the Reichstag, and it must know that there

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are Spartacans in Germany who are under no instructions from the Bolsheviki, and who would at any moment join with the Communists to overthrow the present government. No greater blunder could be made in judging German conditions than for the French to overlook the fact that a new form of government requires a certain time to become established, and that if they really desire to see our political stability restored it is not good tactics for them to flirt with Independent Social Democrats. Who are the people that have been suggesting to the French press for months that we had future military designs? *Freiheit, Welt am Montag,* and perhaps Mr. Hardin in *Zukunft.* Who has spread reports of violence toward the Poles in Upper Silesia? The propaganda bureaus of the Polish Government in neutral countries. Every report that can be distorted in Germany's disfavor is greedily taken up by the French newspapers. That inevitably creates the atmosphere which *Le Temps* laments and which a great number of Germans also deplore. When *Le Temps* contrasts the reception of Sir Reginald Towers at Danzig with the reception of a French General at Gleiwitz, who had a bottle thrown at his head, we merely ask it to consider the laws of cause and effect — the way the representatives of different Allied countries have conducted themselves toward the population of occupied German territories. In that case, perhaps, the author of its editorial will come upon the address which the English High Commissioner made in German to the people of Danzig, and have an opportunity to compare it with certain proclamations issued by local commanders of the French army occupying German territory.

If *Le Temps* really believes, as it says, that Europe's recovery depends directly on the restoration of Germany, it must desire a better mutual understanding between the two nations. But such an understanding is possible only if the agencies that have a monopoly of the task of shaping public opinion are impressed with the importance of their responsibility, and perform their function of educating their readers conscientiously and with scrupulous regard for truth. The task of smoothing the way for the economic coöperation of Germany and France rests first and foremost upon the newspapers of those countries. Serious-minded men in all ranks of society should apply themselves to this labor, for they will be laboring not only for the welfare of our neighboring peoples, but also for world peace and for the good of mankind. The French people and the German people each possess qualities which the world cannot do without. If each nation in its own home is permitted to develop without hindrance, gradually the fearful wounds inflicted by the war will heal, and Europe may again recover.

[*La Dépêche de Toulouse* (Radical Democratic Daily), *March 8*]

IV. *Bystander Talk*

BY PIERRE MILLE

I HAVE just spent eight days in the Rhineland, or to use the official term, the 'occupied territory.' Is not this mere fact that the two terms are interchangeable very remarkable, very impressive? Just think back a moment. What sort of an image rose in our thoughts two years ago when the last words were mentioned? By the 'occupied territory' we meant Champagne, Ardennes, parts of Artois and of Picardy. To-day these same words mean Mayence, Wiesbaden, Coblenz, Cologne — a great region inhabited by millions of Germans.

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According to the Peace Treaty the Allies may occupy them for purposes of security for twenty-five years, and even longer if the provisions of the treaty are not executed. More than that, should Germany remain a Prussian Germany, it may never get them back. A probability is shaping itself — and will take on still firmer outlines, if our policies are wise and tactful and not too aggressive — that the left bank of the Rhine will ultimately become an autonomous state maintaining intimate relations with France and Belgium.

It is a most strange and hateful thing that we in France are so oppressed by the hardships we undergo and the seriousness of our political problems, that we act as though we were the vanquished rather than the victors. But out here we realize that we are the conquerors. It depends only on ourselves to perfect and prolong our occupation and to detach this country definitely from Berlin — not in order to make it a French possession, but to insure it peace and a political evolution harmonious with our own.

I can only outline very roughly what our policy should be to attain this end. Moreover, there are things I am not permitted to say. We must never forget that Berlin is listening and watching, and is already chafing at the progress we are making. Our policies are in the hands of a vigorous and prudent High Commissioner, who is devoted to his task and is bestowing upon it intelligence, shrewdness, and energy. I would merely say that every Frenchman ought to know this and give his assistance.

First of all, we are establishing trade relations between France and the Rhine countries on the broadest basis possible. This is a problem at once psychological and commercial. The psychological factor presents itself in the peculiar fact that although the Germans appreciate with increasing clearness that they were beaten in the last war, we are not equally aware that we are the winners. Most Frenchmen regard the people of the Rhine countries as the same kind of Germans as those of the rest of the former Empire, and are disposed to treat them that way. This is a serious error. Everyone of us should assume the airs and manner of an ambassador, and apply the word Boche only to the Boche in Berlin, who are the real ones; and we should never treat the people of the Rhine country as Germans, but always as Rhinelanders.

The commercial problem begins with favoring to a certain extent the sale of the products of the Rhine country in French markets. Berlin is not the only one trying to prevent this. Our own manufacturers oppose such measures. They have tried to limit the sale of imports from these districts to our devastated provinces, which are in great need of goods of every character. They say, 'But you are taking the bread from their mouths, you are bad Frenchmen.' And we must admit that there is some ground for their protests. For instance, it is certain that the duties which we levy upon their goods do not cover the profits, which the Rhinelanders are making, based upon the rates of wages and the prices of their manufactures with the quotation of the mark as low as it is at present. Consider, the moment I arrived at Coblenz I changed 100 francs of our money for 830 marks! At this rate of exchange a pair of shoes made in the Rhine country, with leather bought in France, costs less than 10 francs.

Consequently, we should confine ourselves at present to supplying the Rhinelanders with raw materials which they urgently need and of which we

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have a considerable abundance, such as cork and oil — but not petroleum — and we must ask our manufacturers, who I am certain do not want to pass for bad Frenchmen, to make some sacrifice in view of the importance of our ultimate object, which is to detach and free this magnificent country from Prussia. Moreover, French employers can repay themselves, and even make a profit from this competition, by buying business houses and factories and lands in the Rhine country and thus profiting by the low value of the mark.

There is another influence which we can employ, though it must be with great reserve, against the Prussians; I mean, the Catholics, or rather the Catholic Clergy. These men do not love France; they are patriotic Germans. We cannot blame them for that. But they are not Prussians, and they are far from being Berliners. Their principal concern is to maintain their influence over their flocks. There is no place where it would be more disastrous to introduce our anti-clericalism than in the Rhine countries. Its Catholic priests are neutral toward us, and may be won over to our cause. Fifty per cent of the population is of that faith. This fact merits our attention.

The resumption of diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican is having an excellent effect upon the priesthood, which the latter does not disguise and even expresses frankly. Our attitude here forms a happy contrast in their eyes with the anti-religious demonstrations of the Majority Socialists in Berlin. Apparently, they would be well satisfied with the plan which certain Frenchmen, who are not clericals — any more than I am — are proposing: a French Ambassador at the Vatican, but no Papal Nuncio in Paris.

Let me add that above all it is necessary in case of the Rhinelanders, but in their case alone, to forget all our grievances against Germany — to treat them as friends and even to show them valuable commercial favors. At the same time, we should resume relations with the Sovereign Pontiff. We ought to realize that the Rhine country is well 'worth a mass.'

SOUTH AFRICA WANTS INDEPENDENCE

[*The Times* (Northcliffe Press), *March 7*]

1. *Nationalism in South Africa*

BY A BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN

THE world cry for gold makes us realize, if nothing else does, the supreme importance of South Africa to the British Empire. On Wednesday next, a Parliamentary election will be held in the Union which is of the greatest significance not only to contending Boers and Britons in South Africa, but to the entire world. In all probability it will decide whether the future of Cape Colony, the Transvaal, Orange Free State, and Natal is to be British, in harmony with Canada and Australia, or South African-Dutch, under a republican flag and self-elected President.

It is idle to deny that the anti-Imperial element in South Africa has been greatly strengthened of late; and to pooh-pooh the intellectual capacity of the Nationalists or the spiritual ardor of their leaders is mere folly.

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Wishes being the fathers of thoughts, it is stupidly believed by many here that 'things will be all right . . . the best-class Dutch (that is, the loyal to us) are on our side,' and so on. It is the same sort of head-in-the-sand reasoning that amiable old clubmen indulged in over Ireland until things had gone too far for convenient adjustment. We heard that kind of self-consolatory humbug, too, over the Egyptian Nationalists, and shall be hearing it more and more about India.

Leaving out the fact that a great majority of the *young* South African Dutchmen are Nationalists, we find that, man for man, the leaders are mentally better equipped than General Smuts's party.

The division of families, one side British, the other Dutch, is common to-day in South Africa. I was recently afforded proof in the Oudtshoorn district of division between husbands and wives; and, in passing, it may be said that generally the women are bitterer Nationalists than the men. One unhappy husband whom I met had the whole of his wife's family solidly arrayed against him, and peaceful life was rapidly being harried out of him. If by now he is not a Nationalist he deserves indeed to be treasured by the South African party! But I fancy he has 'gone over,' as they say in my politics-ridden country. The expression is indeed nearly as often heard as 'passed away.' Sometimes a prominent man will even write a letter to the Nationalist press announcing his apostasy, and clothing himself spiritually in sackcloth and ashes.

In the bitter cry for 'freedom' and release from 'the chains of Empire,' the upright Nationalist never stops to discuss whether he would be better or worse off away from the protecting arm of the Empire and the guns of its navy. In their hearts the anti-British Boers, I think, know that commercially they can only be worse off than they are, but in order to convince themselves and their less spiritual brethren they cry loudly the reverse.

And here the wool bungle of the British Government comes in. Australasia and South Africa agreed to sell their wool crops to the Mother Country in time of need at much below market value. The Nationalists, of course, protested on principle, but now they can claim justification in view of the scandalous exposures regarding the huge profits of the Yorkshire spinners. This 'exploitation of South Africa,' we may be sure, will be a popular phrase with Nationalist speakers.

Then there is the question of gold; the output of the Rand mines was controlled until quite recently by London, and all the profits on the metal taken by the British Government or by British bankers. These are obvious election cries to be used against General Smuts and they will cost the British candidates many votes; but most of all will capital be made out of the cost of living, in other words, 'profiteering.'

There is no excuse for the present scarcity and high cost of food in South Africa. It can only be put down to short-sightedness, incapacity, or dishonesty. In recent years South Africa has made extraordinary strides in food production, and the position to-day would be ludicrous if it were not so pathetic. While bacon, butter, jam, maize, meat, cheese, etc., are being exported to Europe for *sale there at control prices*, the following is what the people of Cape Town are to-day paying for their food: Bacon, 3*s*. per pound; butter, 4*s*, 6*d*. per pound; bread, 5*d*. per pound; cheese, 4*s*, per pound; potatoes, 4*d*. per pound; and so on.

Fruit has increased by 300 per cent; maize, the great grain crop of the

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Union, by 100 per cent; laying fowls are being slaughtered because food is too dear to feed them and because meat is exported to England and sold at about 75 per cent less than at the port where it is shipped. I saw a cable recently from a Cape merchant offering 1,500,000 pounds weight of Cape jam at 1*s.* 9*d.* per 2-pound tin f.o.b. Cape Town. The same jam can be purchased retail in London at about that price.

This state of affairs has brought about a working arrangement between the Labor party and the Nationalists for the overthrow of the government, which is made up of Unionists (British party or town elements) and the South African party (Progressive Dutch or pro-British element). Colonel Creswell, the Labor leader, cannot be accused of a lack of patriotism, yet he is working heart and soul to overthrow the Smuts Cabinet. The Nationalists want to be rid of imperialism for the same reason that Ireland does, or Egypt. It is a race longing, something spiritual and entirely uncommercial, indeed, so uncommercial as to be sheer material folly. But in our daily lives we see men unable to work with some who pay them handsomely, and join others who offer nothing but congeniality and the gratification of those feelings of pride and independence which exist in most men.

It is no use hiding the truth — the 'upright' Boer, the Nationalist of South Africa, wishes to be rid of British rule. It is the old struggle of Dutch and English over again, which has gone on in South Africa ever since the Netherlands in need sold Cape Colony to England. But this is the first time that the anti-English Boers have been joined by any part of the British population; and the union is full of significance and danger to the future peace and prosperity of South Africa. For the Imperialists will never accept Boer rule. Meanwhile, the natives look on, enjoying a numerical superiority of four to one that increases with each generation.

[*Vossische Zeitung* (Conservative Liberal Daily), *February 21*]

II. *South African Politics*

BY HANS GRIMM

South African politics are directly dominated by the miscarriage of the Peace Conference. The government is facing a new election. The two Boer opponents, General Smuts, now Prime Minister, who has been leader of the South African party since Botha's death, and his opponent, General Hertzog, the leader of the Nationalists, have just completed extensive campaign tours. The Paris Treaty has been discussed in detail even in the remotest villages and at open-air assemblies in the ranch country. And the most remarkable and significant feature of this campaign is that both questioners and speakers want to have it made clear why the right of self-determination was not incorporated in the treaty. Apparently, both the Nationalists and Smuts himself expected that the recognition of self-determination as a world-wide principle of justice, would result in South Africa's acquiring complete autonomy. But things turned out differently. Hertzog, who was the promoter and spokesman of the delegation demanding the independence of South Africa, naturally received no hearing at Paris. But Smuts likewise left the Conference equally dissatisfied, and with a formal declaration in favor of fairer terms to Germany that contrasted strangely with his violent speeches during the war. So the South African

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Union did not secure its independence; but it obtained German-Southwest Africa, and a so-called 'higher status.' This higher status is a concession granted in order to anticipate and defeat more far-reaching demands on the part of the South African Union. Smuts has thereby been forced to assume a thankless task. He morally repudiates the Peace Treaty, but as a practical politician he feels compelled to defend the higher status as a real gain for his country. Since returning to South Africa, he has consistently maintained the same attitude toward the treaty that he exhibited at Paris. From the day when he stated to Parliament in Cape Town that he did not ask it to endorse the treaty, but merely to ratify it, he has consistently indicated that he does not approve that document.

This indeed has been the burden of his campaign speeches. Perhaps he expressed himself most definitely at a mass meeting at Lichtenburg. 'From the very beginning I opposed this Peace Treaty, and I gave my signature to its harsh and perverse provisions merely as the lesser of two evils.' But he continues, 'You have attained a higher status, and it is our South African Constitution and not the Peace Treaty that binds us to Great Britain. Even if a majority of our electors should vote in favor of South African independence, the League of Nations would not grant this without England's consent; for that body has no power to interfere with the internal affairs of its member nations. This does not signify that I am a convinced opponent of a republic. I merely assert that the question is not a timely one at this moment. I am tired of fighting and it would take a war to make us a republic. We cannot get a republic by constitutional methods.'

In nearly every address he has made, there has been some friendly word for Germany. At the National Convention of his party in Bloemfontein he was vigorously applauded when he said: 'It is to the credit of the German Government that Ebert and Noske are offering such vigorous resistance to Bolshevism.'

Since the labored efforts in his speeches to make the 'Higher Status' seem sufficient compensation for the denial of independence failed to convince his followers, he has added to these efforts an editorial campaign. In his party organ, *Volksstem*, under the heading, 'General Smuts Upon Our Form of Government,' the following appears: 'In the days when we appealed to a decision of arms, General Smuts demonstrated his readiness to defend the republic to which he belonged to the bitter end. Everyone knows what happened after the war was over. First came the constitution of 1909. The leaders of both the Boer and the English settlers approved it. Then came Versailles. There the self-governing nations of the British Empire were recognized as independent Federal States. Lastly, occurred the defensive alliance between England and France. In that alliance England stated that a war involving Great Britain did not automatically involve the Federal States of the Empire in hostilities, but that the latter retained the right to decide their own action. Thus the Union has evolved into a free kingdom united to the Empire merely through the person of its sovereign, as are also Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Great Britain itself. The authority of the King or his representative is strictly defined in our constitution. In the drafting of that constitution, General Botha, General Smuts, General Hertzog, General de Wet, and President Steyn coöperated. Although in the

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proper time and place General Smuts made it unmistakably evident that he understood how to be a republican, to-day he is loyal to South Africa as a kingdom. He knows that the country enjoys complete liberty in this form. He knows further, that the people who are seeking to establish a republic will have to reckon with the armed resistance of part of our population. The Prime Minister does not want to see more warfare. During his recent electoral campaign in Western Transvaal, General Smuts was frequently asked whether he believed that South Africa was to be denied a republican form of government forever. More than once he replied to this question that in his capacity as Premier he must be first of all a practical statesman. It was not his function to predict what form of government his land might have at some indeterminate future time. The more loyally the white population of the Union rallies to the support of the present kingdom, the more authority a future generation will have when it addresses itself to the problems that the future will present.'

Since these arguments were not welcomed with enthusiasm, he stated still more distinctly at the National Convention of his party: 'For a third time, let me say that I oppose efforts at separation from the Empire, because they are premature. Those who propose them are fighting a British Empire that ceased to exist as a result of the war. The Empire is now a free union of independent states. There is no longer any central sovereignty. We have become masters of our destiny, both at home and abroad. We decide questions of war and peace. It is true, indeed, that the form and details of our new freedom are yet to be worked out.'

How little impression all the persuasiveness of the disillusioned, prematurely aged, and war-weary statesman made upon the people of his country is shown by the great enthusiasm exhibited by a great protest meeting which Hertzog and the other members of the Independence Deputation held at Johannesburg. For the first time in years, a Boer Commando, with a great, white, yellow, and green flag, escorted General Hertzog on his arrival. The 'Volksleid' and 'Rule Britannia' were sung by rival factions in the streets. In an unguarded moment Hertzog's automobile was burned. There were serious street fights between the Nationalists and the returned soldiers, in which the Nationalists got the better. But the great mass meetings at the Athletic Park and in the Town Hall were held without interruption. In addition to Hertzog, Dr. Malan and Dr. Beyers addressed these assemblies. Dr. Malan said: 'The Higher Status is thoroughly understood by the Nationalists, but they are greatly surprised that General Smuts has only now discovered that it makes South Africa the political equal of Great Britain. These theoretical campaign distinctions do not satisfy us any longer. We want the equality to be real in respect to every question. We would abolish the right of the British Parliament to enact statutes running in the colonies. We would deprive England of the right to send troops to South Africa. England enjoys these privileges, but South America cannot send its regiments freely to London. We want the seigniorage upon the coins minted in South Africa. Why must the Governor General be appointed by Great Britain? Why have we not equal right to send Sir Frederick DeWaal as Governor General to England? But General Smuts admits that South Africa does not have the right of self-determination.

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However, the whole world has applauded the principle that every self-governing people should control its own destiny. When General Smuts says that South Africa does not possess the right of self-determination, he admits a situation inconsistent with the declarations of Lloyd George and Wilson and repudiates the ideals for which, according to his own statements, the nations fought in the last war. I dispute the right of the King to veto an act of the South African Parliament separating the Union from Great Britain. If General Smuts maintains the contrary, he demands from the King that the King commit an unconstitutional act, and makes that sovereign an autocrat. For, according to our constitution, the King has no right to nullify a law passed by Parliament. When the government continues to talk about blood and tears and revolution, it is merely encouraging the occurrence of such a revolution.'

Ons Vaderland draws the following conclusion from the results of this meeting: 'It is perfectly clear that the policy of reconciliation which the South African party has sedulously supported for several years was not the right policy. You do not convince an Englishman by petting him. An Englishman respects you only if you exhibit character and determination, and if necessary, use your fists. The Nationalists have this determination, and they know how to use their fists, and when fists do not serve, they can, if necessary, resort to clubs.'

Volksstem tries to smooth over the situation with this comment: 'So, clubs instead of conciliation! How long would it be before in place of clubs and fists we should be face to face with more convincing arguments — rifles?'

[*Pester Lloyd* (German-Hungarian Daily), *February 18*]

HUNGARY'S FOREIGN POLICY

BY GRAF JULIUS ANDRASSY

EVERYTHING relating to our foreign policy is of vital importance for the future of our nation. In no field of political existence are we facing new problems of such supreme importance as those which influence our relations with other countries. We must adjust ourselves to a new world with a new combination of powers. Our future existence depends upon our successfully accommodating ourselves to this situation. Hitherto, we have been Europe's gateway toward the Balkans. Now we are a fragment of a Balkanized Europe. Formerly, we were surrounded on every side by allies — to-day there is not a single ally left us. Formerly, we were sheltered under a powerful European coalition, stabilized by an enduring peace. To-day, no coalition is firmly based. Formerly, our political frontiers included our entire nation, but who is there bold enough to imagine now that we can assert our rights to rule our natural territories intact? All Europe is making a new start. It is a turmoil of hatred, of new conflicts, of novel and apparently unsolvable problems. At the same time, the whole world realizes that another great war would mean the end of European civilization, and mankind demands a candid and profound reconciliation which, unless assured, will make the present generation of Europeans the reproach and anathema of posterity.

All the normal elements of international political coöperation have vanished. The Central European Alliance is in ruins. All that holds the Entente together is fear of vengeance from its former enemies and eagerness to reap the fruits of victory. At the

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same time, seeds of discord are germinating in its own midst, scattered inevitably by the new relations among peoples. The Entente does not owe its existence to the identity of interest among its members, but to the common threat which Germany constituted for all of them. Now that this peril has vanished, what is to become of this alliance? Many considerations indicate to us that various solutions of the social question will cause new international alignments and will be the guiding factors in the future relations of countries.

In this new, unprecedented tribulation, we are seeking for some point of equilibrium. Our nation, bleeding from a thousand wounds, must find its own position. It is a time when an error may be fatal, when a misstep may mean death. A frivolously invited war might annihilate us completely. Any opposition to a world-wide sentiment thirsting for peace would rob us of the last remnants of our vitality and deepen the abyss of internal discord. On the other hand, passive resignation to impossible peace conditions will lead more slowly perhaps, but with equal certainty, to our inglorious death. Our proper policy is to win the conscience of mankind to our side and insure our national revival. A pioneer and epoch-making labor, therefore, lies before us. Never in our previous history was so great a demand made upon our political genius; and yet we must admit to ourselves with pain that we are ill-prepared indeed for the task before us.

Our political leaders hitherto have interested themselves but moderately in foreign policies. Domestic questions dealt with in Parliament occupied the attention of most of our public men. There are many reasons why our political development was so one-sided. No foreign diplomats resided in Budapest, since Hungary did not have a distinct foreign service. Our country took only minor part in the diplomatic business of the Dual Monarchy, and those of our countrymen who sought a career in the foreign office had recourse to Vienna. Consequently, there was little contact between Budapest and our ambassadorial circles, such as normally exists in most other independent kingdoms. It was a natural result for us to neglect foreign affairs. We never considered that our national destinies might be determined by them. We were solely preoccupied with current affairs within the narrow horizon of our own land. We conducted ourselves as if we were living upon some isolated island or a separate sphere of our own which God had taken under his especial protection. We lost sight entirely of the fact that our existence was passed on one of the greatest battlefields of history, and that Hungary was a natural borderland in the competition of the Great Powers.

With equal complacency we concerned ourselves no whit about the opinion the rest of the world held concerning us. For decades, our neighbors promoted a systematic propaganda hostile to us without our recognizing the serious perils this involved. It is even possible that Austria itself, living under the same ruler with us, employed a diplomatic service supported with Hungarian gold to promote such a hostile sentiment and that the general hatred of Hungary has also put down roots in Austria. The astonishing admissions of Count Czernin, revealed in the recently published documents of the former ministry of the interior, indicate that this was the case. During the war, I repeatedly discovered in the capital of our great ally, Berlin, traces of the slander disseminated to our injury. But we never exerted ourselves in the slightest to check this malicious propaganda.

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I almost fear that we may go to the other extreme to-day. We may be tempted to let foreign policy monopolize our whole attention. There seems a tendency to draw party lines at home in accordance with certain diplomatic theories, and to make foreign policies serve as capital for winning domestic favor. Great indeed are the perils that threaten us if every chance politician starts out to formulate foreign policies on his own responsibility without adequate previous preparation and thorough knowledge of what the task involves. Authority has been turned topsy-turvy. Our prevailing political anarchy, if transplanted to the field of diplomacy, may bear bitter fruit. Rarely have knowledge and training counted for so little in the career of public men as they do this moment. Yet never before was a just appreciation of special knowledge and serious preparation so essential in order to enable our ruined country to reconstruct a new national edifice from the ruins that lie about us.

Under these circumstances the development of a diplomatic policy adequate to meet the tremendous problems before us is a task of immeasurable importance. It is a labor rendered more difficult than ever by the prevailing disorganization in every sphere of public life. First of all, we must create without delay the necessary machinery to deal speedily with matters of immediate import. This must be done, although properly qualified men for this career are very rare and money is exceedingly scarce.

It will be the function of the nation's leaders to define the guiding lines of our diplomatic policy and to harmonize them with our domestic programmes. It will be the duty of our foreign representatives to keep our political leaders informed of the actual situation abroad, to carry out the instructions they receive from their superiors and, first and foremost, to win for the Hungarian nation the sympathy and the recognition which we have hitherto undervalued, and which we are only learning to appreciate since we have suffered from their neglect.

In this connection, it is very important for us to recognize that diplomacy itself is changed. To be sure, the old methods and the new run parallel, for they must accommodate themselves to their agents. We still have secret diplomacy and we shall have it in the future. This has been shown conspicuously during the present Peace Conference, which in spite of the condemnation of secret diplomacy by the victorious nations, has been surrounded by more mystery and privacy than any previous conference. Even the notorious Vienna Congress and the last Berlin Congress were far more public and conducted in a far more modern spirit than the negotiations of Versailles, Saint Germain, and Neuilly; and nothing demonstrates better the extent to which diplomacy still holds sway than that the Socialist Chancellor of Austria, Mr. Renner, continues to spin his webs as though he were a Talleyrand or a Metternich, although the Socialist Democrats themselves thundered the loudest against the old system.

Whether we have monarchies or republics there are to-day, and there always will be, groups of political leaders who will finally determine public action, and who will shape the course of state by skillfully playing upon public sentiment. We have no better examples of this in history than what occurred before the war and during the war in the democratic countries of the West. Our diplomats must understand how to make connections with these leading men and to understand their views and to influ-

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ence their opinions. They must be the equals in intellect and breeding of those men, but at the same time, they must keep their fingers upon the pulse of the great public; they must be able to observe and interpret intelligently currents of public sentiment and democratic forces. Yes, they must be able, without compromising their diplomatic dignity and tact, even to exercise a certain influence upon this public; for though a little group of leaders may make the final decision, yet there are forces which give those leaders their power and upon which they depend. These reside not only in the people themselves, but also in economic and commercial interests and in the press, which, in many countries is itself a moulder of public sentiment. So diplomacy in the future will have use for all its ancient weapons, but it must also be dexterous in the use of those which open a way for it to the new masters of the world.

[*Berliner Tageblatt* (Radical Liberal Daily), *February 13*]

BOLSHEVISM IN POLAND

BY LEO LEDERER

WARSAW, *early in February.*

A DAY'S ride from Warsaw Polish soldiers are opposing the armies of Soviet Russia. To-day the Bolsheviki attacked a bridge-head in force, and yesterday the Poles destroyed a squadron of Russian cavalry. But here in Warsaw one hears few echoes of the battles which the 'gendarmes of West-European democracy'— a French title which the Poles resent — are fighting against the troops of the Russian dictators. Though too little importance is attached by western nations to the military operations against Russia, undue concern seems to exist over the influence of Russian Bolshevism in Poland itself. The possibility that Bolshevism will spread in Poland must not be entirely overlooked. Yet you must hold your ear very close indeed to the ground here in order to catch its sullen murmur in the deep recesses of society.

The political exponents of Bolshevism in Poland are the Communists. Their party was formed by uniting two previous parties, both representing extreme radicalism. A more moderate Socialist party is in existence, corresponding to the Majority Socialists in Germany. In regard to platforms the two groups are as far apart as the extreme wings of the German Socialists. The Polish Communists are still opposed to the independence of Poland and regard themselves as a section of the Russian Bolsheviki, while the regular Socialist party has always championed national independence. However, the latter party at the last convention in Cracow, where its three sections representing Galicia, Congress-Poland, and Posen united, showed that sentiment in that group was drifting in a radical direction. That party still supports Parliament, but demands very radical reforms tending toward a Soviet control of industry. This party has also recently rejected coöperation with the bourgeois parties.

At present it is impossible for the Communists to campaign openly. Their leaders, including Horowitz Walecki, the head of the party, have been imprisoned. Their committees are not permitted to meet, and their newspapers are suppressed. Naturally their organization, which was never strong, has suffered seriously, and their activities at present are limited to subterranean propaganda conducted by secret hand-bills. However, they are very active and in constant communication with their Russian col-

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leagues; so their influence upon the disaffected elements is by no means slight.

Of course, suppressing the public expression of discontent does not eliminate its causes, and as everywhere else the Radical Movement draws strength from two classes of the people,— the proletariat of the cities, and the landless rural population. Of some 23,000,000 Poles now under the jurisdiction of their own government, about 6,000,000 reside in cities and 17,000,000 in the country. It would be hard to say what proportion of each group has no property or is very poor. Statistics showing the strength of trade unions and of Socialist political clubs do not give a true picture of conditions. Such organizations are still undeveloped, and even so important a group as the regular Socialist party has only about 100,000 regular members. The last election would give a better key to the situation; but, unfortunately, the full returns have never been made public. However, the fact that the Socialist party won 35 seats in the National Parliament, of which 30 represent city voters, suggests that probably 60 per cent of the urban inhabitants of the country are inclined to Socialism. When we consider the fact that the Communists refused to participate in the election, this seems a conservative estimate.

Our best information concerning the country people consists of the statistics of Professor Bjak, which classify them into peasant freeholders, peasant half-proletarians, who own less than five acres, and landless field laborers. His figures indicate that the half-proletarians and landless laborers number something over 2,500,000 in Galicia, and approximately the same number in Congress-Poland. Adding Posen, where the number of half-proletarians and landless laborers is relatively small, we get a total of some 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 in the entire republic.

It can by no means be assumed that all of these 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 have been driven by economic discontent into the ranks of the Socialists or Communists. A large share of them expect their condition to be improved by agrarian reform, and it is certain that a peasant who owns five acres of land is not going to favor Communist theories of land ownership. Still it is possible that a Bolshevist agitation in the cities and among the poor country population may start an agrarian revolution.

At present the Social Democrats and the Communists are struggling in bitter rivalry for the support of these masses. We must not overlook that they are at the same time competing with an active Nationalist group, and above all with the Clerical People's party. The present status of this struggle, and of the Communist Movement as a whole, so far as it reveals itself on the surface, is probably best indicated by the relative strength of these groups in the trade unions.

Originally there were in Congress-Poland three Jewish groups of organized labor and four Christian groups. Of the latter, one was Orthodox Socialist, one Nationalist, one Clerical, and one Communist. In Posen there was a German National and a German Social-Democratic group. In Galicia the unions were Socialist. The Socialists in Congress-Poland, Galicia, and Posen united their organization with that of the Communists at the trade union congress of 1919. On the Central Committee there are 23 Socialists and 11 Communists. This trade union group has recently been joined by the Rural Laborers' Union, which already has a membership of 150,000.

Considering now the individual unions: Of the 150,000 organized rural

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laborers in Galicia and Congress-Poland, practically all are at present Socialists. The railway unions, with a membership of about 70,000, are divided into Socialists, Nationalists, and Communists. About one half of the 20,000 organized metal workers are Socialists and the other half Communists. The Communists have lost strength among the 50,000 miners in the colliery districts since the skillful trade union leader, Stanchyk, took charge of the organization. The same is true in other mining districts. The textile unions in Lodz are also Orthodox Socialists. On the other hand, the Communists are in almost complete control of the building laborers, who have 20,000 members, and the leather workers, with 10,000 workers, and can count upon the practically unanimous support of the unemployed, who total well toward 300,000 in all Poland, and number 57,000 in Warsaw alone. It is very certain, however, that with the growing revival of Polish manufacturing organized labor will become increasingly conservative.

No evidence of sympathy with Communism has manifested itself in the army. [Other reports are not so optimistic. We are told that Haller's army is the only one free from Bolshevist agitation.—Ed.] There are no soldiers' councils, discipline is strict, and the national *esprit de corps* is very strong. However, the Socialist party is very influential, particularly on the Eastern Front, which was formerly under the command of Pilsudski himself. The fact that the nucleus of this army is Pilsudski's Legion, recruited originally from members of the Social Democratic party, has naturally worked in this direction. But the influence of the Socialists on Haller's army and among the troops along the western frontier is negligible.

One must not draw too confident conclusions from this account of the present situation. The Socialist party and the bourgeois parties are far better organized and more experienced than the Communists; but as everywhere else the spread of Bolshevist sentiment depends primarily upon economic conditions and the general political situation. The immediate future of the new government is still precarious. As yet national enthusiasm, and a feeling that the people are at last their own masters, dominates political thought and expression. But the business situation of the country, particularly in the large cities, is very bad. Prices are rising to fearful heights and the depreciation of money continues unchecked. Wages do not rise so fast as the cost of living. Consequently, the distress of the masses is constantly increasing, and the reduction of the former middle classes to the ranks of the proletariat goes on apace. Agrarian reform, to which the country people still look for their salvation, demands much wisdom and the lapse of time. The inauguration of democratic government, the organization of the administration, the amalgamation of the three great sections of the republic, which have been separated for three centuries, the reconstruction of cities, and the nationalities, are problems that will try the patience and the faith of the common people. The determining influence in the growth of Bolshevism in Poland will be the manner in which the question of a war with Russia is treated. The resumption of the offensive of the Russian Bolsheviki is only one of the dangers facing bourgeois society in Poland. The second danger is the fact that a state of war exists. So long as the war with Russia was a war of defense or for realizing universally cherished aspirations, to use the words of a member of Parliament, 'the Nationalist serum was sufficient

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to immunize against the poison of Bolshevism.' The danger of Bolshevism at home increases directly in proportion to the distance that Russian Bolshevism is driven from the frontier. This paradox explains the paradoxical attitude of Poland toward a war with Russia. A war that does not subserve immediate national ends will promote revolution in a country that has seen five years of the famine, privation, and misery which war creates. If the Poles continue to fight Russia two months longer without making peace, we may expect violent revolutionary disturbances in that country.

[*Vossische Zeitung* (National Liberal Daily), *March 3*]

WHEN A COUNTRY GETS TOO RICH

BY OSCAR T. SCHWERINER

Last week panic reigned in Dutch financial circles. Within twenty-four hours the shares of one of the strongest banks in Holland fell with a precipitancy unparalleled in the memory of the present generation. It would not be fair to name the institution, especially since the collapse was but temporary and the shares are again quoted at their normal figure.

But for the first time even the best informed lost courage. Men who seldom interested themselves in financial matters became attentive and inquired: 'How can such things befall us out of a blue sky?' They were tremendously shocked to hear that the foundations of Holland's financial world are not as unshakable as they seem. It surprised them still more to learn that the very fact that the guilders ranged so high above par is one of the causes of this instability.

It is not necessary to confine ourselves to the single incident of this banking house. That little panic was due directly to the fluctuating ratio of the guilder to the mark. It was simply one symptom of the general situation. To-day every financier and merchant in Holland is inquiring: 'How long will it last?' They are frightened at their own wealth. That may sound like a paradox. None the less, it is the actual fact. The Dutchmen are so rich that every warehouse in the land is crowded to the roof with provisions and grain and other kinds of food which are deteriorating rapidly. Hundreds and thousands of kegs of herring have spoiled. This is all happening because Holland is so prosperous that Germany has to pay 40 marks for a guilder or more than that. Every day you see a half dozen men or so trotting around the little square in front of the Exchange in Rotterdam. In one hand each one carries a package of hundred mark notes; in another hand a package of thousand mark notes, and they call their wares out like hucksters, 'Two guilders for a German hundred; five and twenty guilders for a German thousand — all red stamped notes.'

But they find no purchasers. Partly, this is due to fear of forgery. Nevertheless, there are plenty of men who would immediately detect a false note

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from a true one; and they would not allow the chance to pick up a profit to escape them unless they thought that guilders would soon be worth even more in marks than at present. The result is as I have just said, that vast quantities of provisions are going to ruin in Holland, because guilders cost so much that customers for these provisions cannot procure them.

While I am writing this, the Holland papers bring us two news items that speak for themselves — one is from Weesp: 'On account of the fall in the value of foreign currency, the famous chocolate factory of Van Houten has temporarily stopped operation.' The second comes from Vlaardingen and is to the effect that: 'On account of the state of trade and the unpromising prospects of a revival, the Herring Dealers' Union has been forced to cease operations. Its members have given fourteen days' notice of dismissal to all their employees.'

Now the layman asks: 'Why don't the Dutchmen sell cheaper? It surely would be better than to let their goods spoil and shut down their factories and turn hundreds of men into the street without employment.'

The answer is: The Dutchmen simply cannot sell cheap enough to dispose of their goods in Germany. We might almost say that they would be too dear if they were sent gratis; for wages are paid in guilders and freight rates have mounted to an impossible height. Let me give an example that any man can understand. The train charges upon my trunk, weighing about 200 pounds, from Rotterdam to Berlin, were 500 marks. Now, I do not know how much of that went to the German lines, but it was hardly more than 80 marks. Consider that the distance from the Dutch frontier to Berlin is about five times as great as from Rotterdam to the frontier. And what I say of baggage charges applies with equal force to ordinary freight. A German merely has to recall what his freight charges are at home to see what they must be in Holland. So no matter how low the price of these goods in Holland, their cost delivered is practically beyond our reach.

But although the guilders are enormously high when reckoned in German money, their purchasing power at home is so low that workingmen are paid tremendous wages. I have talked personally with a great number of wage earners here, and I have not found one who did not say that he would prefer to have pre-war wages and pre-war prices than his present wages with present prices. There is not an intelligent merchant or financier in Holland who does not curse the high money. As a consequence of this exchange situation, Holland's trade with Germany, and to a considerable extent with other European countries, is almost at a standstill, notwithstanding the fact that everyone here is eager to do business with their citizens.

So we are witnessing the odd sight of a people hurried straight toward a catastrophe on account of their own excessive prosperity, and trying their best to find some way to share this prosperity profitably with their less well-to-do neighbors. All sorts of projects are suggested to accomplish this. It has been proposed to organize an institute for general barter. Public men are debating measures for forcibly reducing the rate of exchange. But none of these plans has assumed concrete form and even if adopted the result would be problematical. Yet something must occur to reduce the value of the guilder. The Hollanders themselves have got to accomplish this. If they are successful, it will probably relieve the food situation in Germany.

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Of course, there are many people in Holland who violently oppose the depreciation of the guilder. They are profiteers who utilize the low value of the mark to make purchases in Germany. So long as marks are cheap and guilders dear, they employ the former to purchase German goods, and the longer this condition continues, the longer they can keep this up.

Unfortunately, the Germans are themselves helping these speculators. Dutch newspapers are crowded with advertisements offering for sale factories, residences, estates, and manufactures, citing as a special inducement for purchasers the low value of the mark. Even petty assortments of goods are tendered in this way. For instance, there lies before me an advertisement from a Rotterdam newspaper: 'For sale — 100 men's raincoats; 100 pair of shoes and 15 dozen half-silk cravats.'

I venture to predict that the agitation against such sales in the German press is largely to be credited with the fact that our government finally intervened and put a check on this traffic by compelling German sellers to add from 400 to 900 per cent to domestic prices in selling goods to foreigners. This measure has been greatly criticized in Holland. The Dutch do not consider it unjust — quite the contrary. They recognize that such an increase is perfectly fair, and are willing to pay the additional amount. In fact, they go farther and assert it should have been imposed long ago. But they cannot see why individual Germans should be permitted to enrich themselves out of Dutch pockets. A hotel keeper who charges 100 marks for a room instead of 25 marks, or a merchant who adds four to nine-fold to the price of his merchandise, puts an extra profit in his own pocket. The Dutch ask why that profit does not go to the German Government? However, that is a measure easier to propose than to enforce.

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[*The Times*]

THE ART OF POLITICAL CARTOONS

It will surprise most people to hear that Sir John Tenniel was born just a hundred years ago. He is still to us of our own time, at least of the time before the war — for it is only nineteen years since he retired from *Punch;* but he drew his first *Punch* cartoon fifty years before, and throughout that half-century he was our chief illustrator of history in the making and gave its peculiar character to the English political cartoon. At the dinner given to him on his retirement, Mr. Balfour said that he was a great artist and a great gentleman.

There have been greater artists among political cartoonists — Gillray, Daumier, M. Forain, M. Jean Veber; but there would be no peculiar appropriateness in calling them gentlemen in their art; indeed, they might all think Tenniel's satire too gentlemanly. You cannot make omelets without breaking eggs, they would say; and often they have preferred the eggs best suited for electioneering purposes.

Tenniel had not the temperament of a great satirist; there was little savage indignation in him; he had no desire to wound his enemies either justly or unjustly, for he had no enemies to speak of. It is the mark of the great satirist, whether in words or in drawing, that he functions best when angry; and it is his weakness that he will often work himself into a rage so that he may function.

M. Veber is a Swift with his pencil; but no one could be less like Swift than Tenniel. Neither *Punch* nor its readers, in the period between 1850 and the war, would have endured a Swift; for good and for evil, the prosperous English of that period had made up their minds that they did not wish for savage satire, that the business of the world was better conducted without it. Let us compromise where we can, they said or thought; and, where we cannot, let us at least differ with a minimum of friction so that we may be friends again easily when the difference is composed. This attitude did not make for great art in satire or in anything else; but then, they were not eager for great art. They saw politics and the British Empire itself as a business; and in business all the splendors and extremes of art are a luxury.

The artist, when his art is satire, will sacrifice all thought of the future to the triumphant invective of the moment. His adversary is there to be killed with ridicule; he is not a man who in fact will survive to fight another day, but an idea, a force, a symbol of evil or absurdity to be struck with the lightning of laughter once and for all. So Swift and Voltaire and Gillray and Daumier, and in our own time Veber and Forain, have fought; but not Tenniel; and in the future no doubt historians will study his cartoons to understand the English mind of his time and the means by which the English carried on their business of politics and the Empire with such subtle and mysterious success.

But it was no small merit, no effect merely of coldness or cowardice, that Tenniel remained always a gentleman in his art. The temptations of a cartoonist to be a cad, even if he affects the manners of a gentleman, are great. He speaks for the herd; consciously or

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unconsciously, he sums up what the herd thinks or is pleased to think it thinks at the moment. An unpopular cartoonist is almost a contradiction in terms; he may represent a minority, but it is still a herd opposed to a larger herd; and still he is the gramophone of the herd voice or bellow or bray. But Tenniel never would bellow or bray, even as gently as a sucking dove. He remained popular without ever becoming base; he was never willing to wound although afraid to strike. It is the vice of English political cartoons and satire of all kinds that against the unpopular it will employ all weapons and will deny them all rights because they are unpopular, yet all the time with a gentlemanly air as if they were lacking in gentility because unpopular. There is in this a subtle flattery of the mob to which Tenniel never stooped; and, from never stooping, he rose to his greatest triumphs, as in the famous and prophetic cartoon, 'Dropping the Pilot.' In that he gave to an ominous event the dignity of history, almost of tragedy —

> He nothing common did or mean
> Upon that memorable scene.

He spoke for an England that was neither so foolish nor so hypocritical as its enemies wished to believe.

Yet we turn from him to the great, fierce masters of the cartoon with some eagerness. They may sink lower, but they soar higher. They have no inhibitions, no reserve or diplomacy in their art. M. Veber had drawn the bitterest things against England, as against Germany; he had expressed the mind of a France isolated and exasperated amid hostile or indifferent Powers. And then, at the moment when England was no longer indifferent, came the *amende*, the reconciliation of genius, that great cartoon of Napoleon rising from his tomb in the Invalides and, with arms uplifted, crying '*Vive l'Angleterre!*' That was the very epitome of the art of the cartoonist; it spoke an event of history in a single figure, and so that no man could miss its meaning or fail to be quickened by it. It said that the old quarrel of centuries was over—had, indeed, been but a trifle easily composed, compared with this war that was to decide the fate of civilization. It is the art of the cartoonist to say such things so that they may be seen in a flash and recognized for what all men know and feel. He is like the ballad maker of the nation, more powerful than those who make its laws, when he can thus seize his opportunity and speak with his pencil for the moment and for all time.

But too often he speaks only for the moment; and it is sad work looking through cartoons of the past, even by the masters. They are often so momentary, so silly, so base, and so blind. We are not amazed now to see a cartoon by Gillray of Josephine dancing naked before Barras, with Napoleon watching through a curtain. There may have been truth in the satire, but it was unworthy of the conflict of the nations, and dangerous, as so many cartoons are, in that it taught the English to despise their great enemy. Indeed, nothing wears worse than herd ridicule of another herd or its leaders. The moment we are removed from the herd by the lapse of time we distinguish clearly its bellowing or braying from righteous indignation; we hear in its unseemly laughter merely fears disguised. And often Gillray says with wearisome repetition, 'Who's afraid?' To which we can now make the obvious answer. 'You were.'

He, like many British cartoonists of the late war, represents the enemy as absurd creatures engaged in incessant futile efforts to injure the irresistible

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English people. George III is the King of Brobdingnag holding a little Gulliver Bonaparte in the palm of his hand; and then there is the famous and ferocious cartoon of 'Bonaparte forty-eight hours after landing in England' — a bleeding head on a hayfork, its very ferocity a symptom of fear that will not confess itself. Or there is Bonaparte skewered and toasted as a meal for Beelzebub in hell. These are all drawn with a grandeur of style lacking to our modern cartoons; but his job demoralized Gillray artistically. With years, with the incessant expression of the herd bray or bellow, he fell into monotony, like all improvisers; it is no wonder that he took to drink and went mad at last.

Indeed, the task of the cartoonist is so difficult as to be over any great extent of time almost impossible. The best he can do, perhaps, is to practise the reserve of Tenniel, though that will cut him off from his greatest triumphs. Art is always a personal matter; the artist may speak to mankind, but he speaks for himself; and the cartoonist is expected to speak to the world and for the world; he is expected to be a gramophone with the conviction, the passion, of an artist. This he can affect or even, unconsciously, assume; but in the long run it must destroy his artistic integrity, must make of him the opportunist which no artist can be and remain an artist. Before the war *Simplicissimus* was a bitter and convinced anti-militarist paper; in the twinkling of an eye when war was declared it became an equally bitter, but not equally convinced, advocate of the war which its old enemies had contrived. The voice of the liberal changed into the bray and bellow of the herd. It was a wonderful feat in the *Simplicissimus* artists thus to change their tune, and with no apparent lack of skill or even wit; but the change discredited their artistic integrity and made a formula of their method, which became more and more formal as the war went on.

The German cartoonists had in the war all the advantages and disadvantages of their highly organized herd instinct. They went on saying the same things with a vivacity and air of conviction impossible to the skeptical English hack draughtsman or journalist; they were possessed by the moral, or immoral, strength of the herd; and, with German readiness to learn, they had acquired a proper comic convention and drew their enemies so as to make them look ridiculous, whereas many English cartoonists made their Germans look like villains in a melodrama. The cartoonists of *Simplicissimus* applied the same methods to John Bull and the English soldier that they had formerly applied to the Prussian officer and the Kaiser; they were usually careful to keep off the kind of allegory with which uninspired cartoonists are apt to flatter their own nation. Their John Bull was but a parody of ours, a John Bull who had seen better days in the English papers, who had lost flesh and become wizened, panic-stricken and full of impotent hate. But to see many of these cartoons is to lose interest in them; they were made to order, though the draughtsman, like other Germans, was able to obey the word of command even in his feelings. They are propaganda, and when we scent propaganda in a work of art it ceases to be one to us.

The finest cartoons of the war were the spontaneous works of M. Forain. Like Voltaire, and like other great Frenchmen, he is made more, not less, witty by fierce indignation. He can contemplate the enemy calmly like a great general planning an attack; his insight is sharpened by his hatred and

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he can express both in a situation, itself an epigram and drawn like one. There is a cartoon of his in which a Prussian officer is plundering a French house; everything is being methodically packed up by German soldiers in portmanteaus. The officer has a doll in his hands and a little French girl is crying to him to give it back to her. 'No,' he says, 'I am the father of a family.' It expresses those incongruities of the Prussian character which make it seem to be of a different species from our own; and he does not draw a line that is irrelevant to his situation. His drawings explain themselves like the gestures of a great actor. This is the art of the cartoonist to perfection, practised as it was practised by Daumier but with a greater theme, in fact the greatest theme for inspired ridicule that history has ever offered to an artist. But it could be worthily treated only by an artist who would not consent to be a gramophone; wit is never to be found in the bray or bellow of the herd; and that, no doubt, is the reason why great cartoonists are so rare.

The pure artist seldom finds a theme in which he is perfectly at one with the crowd; seldom can he use his wit or his passion to say what everyone expects him to say. Gillray, master as he was, became more and more banal as he fell into the habit of reacting like the crowd, for artistic purposes; even Mr. Raemaekers grew tired artistically over his task of illustrating the war as a neutral advocate of our cause; and Mr. Max Beerbohm, whose dislike of the herd may be guessed from his art, left the war alone and took to illustrating the legend of Rossetti and his friends. He could not use his instrument for patriotic purposes any more than one could use a rapier to cut down a tree.

We cannot regret his abstinence when we consider the ordinary level of political art and think that he might have sunk toward it if he had not known his own powers too well. The cartoons on our own side may amuse us, but we can all see clearly enough the dullness of most cartoons with which we do not agree. They are the bellowing and braying of a hostile herd, and often it is incredible to us that anyone can take pleasure in things so stupid and perverse. For cartoons especially amaze us with their provincial egotism and self-righteousness. It is all very well to make a heroine of Britannia and a hero of John Bull; but when it comes to — well, to personifications of other nations, then we are not amused. But even so the foreign cartoon ought to have great interest for us, and the stupider the cartoon the greater should be the interest. It expresses the national formula of the moment; and when it is a foreign formula we can see how far from truth it is, how naïvely self-flattering.

Fas est et ab hoste doceri.

Was there not, for instance, a strange, unconscious self-betrayal in the British representations of John Bull for the last half-century before the war? We remember a cartoon in which he is just stepping into a boat to row a race. The drawing is meant to flatter the British nation in the blunt, homely British way; but this John Bull is obviously too fleshy to have a chance in any race, and he has the look of obstinate and willed stupidity which we have been accustomed to call unconscious wisdom. In that cartoon, and in a hundred others, was expressed the formula by which the English people excused themselves from intellectual and even physical effort. You can see that John Bull saying — 'It will be all right on the day.' It has been a misfortune for ourselves, and our enemies, that we have thus flattered our own

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worst vices in our cartoons. They came to believe that the cartoons told the whole truth about us, and we acted as if it were the whole truth. So it was very nearly all wrong on the day; and the Germans no doubt now see, in the manner in which we deceived them, and ourselves, only one more instance of our immemorial treachery. We were not what we made ourselves out to be; there was another John Bull, who, like a Q Boat, suddenly revealed himself in war. We survived and won; but still the moral is that we need cartoonists who will tell us the truth about ourselves, and a public that will encourage them to tell the truth and will not be content with the expression of flattering national formulæ. So it will be possible for great artists to be cartoonists without losing their art in the process; for art, like science, must tell the truth always, must tell its own emotional truth, or it becomes the voice of the herd, which is bellowing or braying but never music.

[*Land and Water*]

THE ROMANTIC CYNICS

BY C. B. FALLS

In the days of war Anne de Wynck used sometimes to go apart for the sole purpose of wondering at herself. She would look at herself as she was, a woman with no illusions and with a lover. Then she would look back with a sort of awe at that figure of early 1914, a young wife, barely two years married, and married almost straight from the Convent, meek and pious. The reason for the change was not far to seek — it was the war. She had been moulded by her upbringing, her surroundings, her religion, the views of conduct of her friends. Now her upbringing was forgotten, her surroundings changed, her religion a very shadow, and her views of conduct her own. And after all, she would reflect, the worldliness of to-day had never been very far below the surface.

Madame de Wynck was the wife of a Belgian staff officer. She herself was of French Flanders, but of that race of women of the north wherein Spanish blood has lingered, giving grace of carriage and of gait, suppleness of body and of mind. She was dark-haired, pale-faced, very slender, small of hand and foot. An observer would have found it no hard task to pick out a dozen women of her class more beautiful in the course of an hour's walk in London or Paris. If he spoke with her for but a few minutes he would have begun to doubt whether he had met one more attractive in the course of his life. She had brown eyes that danced maliciously, a hard little mouth that softened when she laughed — and when Adrian Powell first met her she used to laugh often — a habit of throwing back her head that showed to advantage a perfectly moulded slender neck. And of late, as she had to confess to herself, no weapon in all her armory of graces had been allowed to rest. One was, indeed, too sharp.

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Had she been less witty she would have been more courted, for men feared her mockery and felt themselves baffled by the quickness of her mind.

Even in those placid days to which she now looked back, placid chiefly because she did not think, she had known some restlessness, some longings for greater freedom. It was, indeed, almost entirely this desire for freedom that had led in the first place to her marriage with a man fourteen years her senior, then indifferent, now positively repugnant to her. At a bound the war brought her this liberty. For, after her flight, first to the house where her parents were living in Brussels, then with them to France, she had found herself in a changed world where all the old influences were absent. But the war had brought something else as well — boredom, *désœuvrement*. To escape boredom had been perhaps her chief motive since its outbreak.

The little château where she now lived with her parents belonged to a bachelor uncle, who was with the armies. It was far enough back to escape the fate of being used as a billet, except on rare occasions. It was not, however, far enough back to escape the irritating restrictions of the 'Zone.' Traveling was difficult, motoring practically impossible; parcels and letters took weeks rather than days to arrive. And after the first year, when trench warfare had settled into rigidity, she had been in the area of the English, with few opportunities for work either for her own countrymen or those of her husband, had she desired them. She had tired of her piano, of her books, and her needlework. The dresses from Paris gave but half their due pleasure because there were none to see them but the peasants and the officers of stray and curious units that flitted about in this extreme 'back area.' Madame de Wynck occupied herself with long walks with her beloved *chien loup*, with making bandages for the *Croix Rouge*, with some hardly edifying flirtations.

Then, in the winter of 1916, had come an English Cavalry Division to rest. A few weeks later, in no sudden flood of passion, but coolly and with her eyes open, she had taken to herself a lover. The Englishman was of her own new model in gay and easy worldliness. Madame de Wynck made the voyage to Cytherea in true Watteau style. All was delight and laughter. Love was not taken too seriously, and mockery held passion in check. When he had gone, they had corresponded in the same fashion, sedulously avoiding the deeper things, tenderly sharpening their wits at each other's expense. In May, 1917, she visited Deauville with her parents. And there came Adrian Powell to spend his ten days' leave, while in England his mother wondered, and sighed when she looked at the girl she had in her heart chosen for the high honor of marrying her son.

'Love, my dear Anne,' said Adrian to her one day, pausing in his occupation of throwing pebbles at a white stone near the water's edge, 'love means so many things to so many people! But to us it means the best of all things.'

'And that?'

'Happiness without thought of the past or of the future.'

'*Tu as raison.*'

'It is just an interlude in our lives, and the interludes are the best things in life. And it comes by accident, as the best things nearly always come.'

'*Mon dieu*, yes! And how right we have been to treat it so! No vows of eternal fidelity——'

'I will make them if you wish,' said Adrian with his slow smile. 'And try to keep them,' he added.

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'No, I do not wish. You will go back, and marry, and tell your children that the French are a charming nation, but immoral and insincere.'

He shook his head.

'Oh, yes, you will. I hope you will — marry, I mean.'

'Perhaps,' said Adrian. 'But that will be millions of years hence, "after the war."'

'"After the war,"' she echoed. 'Sometimes I am so selfish that I hope it will not end soon because I shall lose you. Oh, *que je suis méchante!*'

She looked quickly toward him in contrition. But Adrian only smiled anew, and fell again to throwing pebbles at his target, now washed by the little waves of the incoming tide.

'And you?' he asked at length. 'What will you do after the war?'

Anne gave a little shudder.

'*Mon ami*,' she said gravely, 'you must ask me that question again. At present it frightens me. I have not yet tried to think of an answer.'

'In any case that would be looking into the future, which is forbidden,' she said a moment later, gay again. 'Life for the moment is the motto of our alliance.'

'*Liaison mondaine et extra-moderne!*' said Adrian laughingly.

'But, as far as you are concerned, *mon cher*,' she said, laying her hand for a moment on his arm, 'I must take just one glance. Above all things, I do not wish that you should spoil your future because of me. It is part of the terms of the alliance that this should only be an interlude in our lives.'

'*Marché conclu!*' said Adrian. 'I never hope to have a better.'

'We have both the spirit of the trifler, the only spirit that makes love bearable,' said Anne. 'To all the serious people I have known it brings sorrow — to us nothing but delight.'

But after Adrian had gone, she relapsed into a melancholy not at all befitting such a love as they had planned that theirs should be. She sat long in silence in her room after her return from the station, staring out over the sea.

'And you, *mon cher ami*,' she said aloud suddenly, viciously stabbing with a hat-pin the straw hat lying on her knee. 'You do not play quite fair either. When you turned away so abruptly, and said good-bye almost as if you hated me, then I knew——'

But what she knew she left unsaid.

She returned to her old life soon afterwards. It was, indeed, unchanged except that the flirtations had no further part in it. In the autumn Adrian was made Staff-Captain of his Brigade, which made possible two or three flying visits by car. But a settled melancholy had fallen upon Anne, from which his visits scarcely roused her. There were, for the first time, misunderstandings and recriminations. There were even letters in which, forgetful of her rôle, she taunted her lover with tiring of her. It seemed that their love affair was not to escape the sordid ending of the most commonplace intrigue.

In February, Adrian, whose division was helping to hold the strung-out British line, wrote that he had been slightly wounded by a fragment of shrapnel in the shoulder, and was on his way home. He would soon be well, he declared, and was looking forward to a few weeks' convalescence at home, and to being nursed and petted by his mother and sisters.

'Yes,' said Anne viciously, 'and perhaps other people's sisters also.' And in a bitter mood she wrote and wished him a speedy return to health, and told him to remember the contract.

'And if,' she concluded, 'the English miss whom you think worthy should present herself, do not hesitate on my

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account. There will be no reproaches from me.'

Follow the terrible days of March, when it really seemed that Germany would succeed in her attempt to engulf France and humanity, and the hearts of the watchers stood still for fear. The postal service collapsed utterly, and for weeks after the first onslaught at St. Quentin there was no word from Adrian. A letter came at last to Anne when she was again by the sea. Their village had been occupied by a Corps Staff, which had apparently attracted German bombing planes, and she had fled with her parents. In it Adrian informed her that he was engaged to be married.

'So, you see,' he wrote, 'I have taken you at your word. I do not feel that I have done you any wrong, and I do not feel that I am doing any wrong to my *fiancée*. I hope I shall be the best of husbands to her, and who knows whether or not I should have been so to you, even if what we have so often imagined had taken place, and I had met you six years ago? But as somebody very wise said: "*Dieu nous a donné le souvenir et personne ne peut le retirer*." I am a person with sensibilities perhaps too fine for ordinary wear and tear, and when I write to you in future I shall feel bound to write to you as a friend. But I shall write, and I hope, above all things, that you will answer, and that we shall be kept in mind of the other's joys and sorrows. I do not expect to be married till after the war. I do not think it will be very long now, but God knows which way it is going to end. This is, in any case, the last lover's letter.

'*Adieu, chère maitresse que j'ai tant aimée, et que* — but that is all there is to be said. Adrian.'

'*Et que j'aime encore!*' finished Anne in a whisper, and folded up the letter.

And on that very day a Great Personage, flushed with victory on victory, launched a new attack to turn the flank of his adversary. The forces at his disposal for this affair were not overwhelming, but in his pride he trusted to boldness atoning for lack of means. All day long the battle raged in the midst of a horrid waste of shell-holes and mud and water. And before evening the counter-attacks of the defenders had swept all before them, and the Great Personage, looking upon the battle, had to admit the first check since the opening of his great offensive which was to win the war. And the check had been inflicted by the smallest of his adversaries.

The Belgians found thousands of dead on the field of battle. Their own losses were very slight. When evening fell all was quiet, except for the occasional whine and thud of one great gun that continued firing over Langemarck all night, as if to show that it at least had not been defeated.

It was not till late July that Adrian Powell returned to France. His wound had been long healed, but on the termination of his convalescence he had been posted to a reserve regiment of cavalry, and had acted as Adjutant for two months. It had needed several letters and a visit to the War Office before he obtained permission to rejoin his regiment. It was, thought his mother and perhaps also his *fiancée*, somewhat unnecessary zeal on the part of a man who had already served his country well in battle, and who was but lately engaged to be married. Others, they noted, in like circumstances, if they did not try to stay at home, showed no desire to pester the authorities to send them abroad. Himself could not have defined his motives in so doing. Despite his too fine sensibilities, he had a very ordinary workaday sense of duty.

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Another few months in England would have nowise shocked it. He knew only that he was obsessed by a feeling of restlessness, and that he desired above all things excitement.

His desires were royally fulfilled. Foch's first blow had been struck before he arrived. On August 8th the second followed, and thenceforward came stroke on stroke, now here, now there, but the heaviest always delivered with the central battering-ram of the First, Third, and Fourth British and First French armies. From the day of his rejoining till the day of the armistice he knew scarce an idle moment. Few men love war for its own sake when they are in it, however much they may desire to be in it when they are not. Adrian hated the shriek and crash of a shell or the smack of a machine-gun bullet hitting one of his horses as much as did anyone else. Yet he rejoiced in his activity, and in the fact that he had little time for thinking. So, it seemed to him, would he most quickly become reconciled to the fact that Anne de Wynck was henceforth out of his life. Once that was established in his mind the rest would be easy, for, after all, there is nothing inherently unpleasing in marrying a young lady possessing beauty, brains, and a comfortable income.

It seemed that Anne wished to help him in his task. Her letters were much rarer than of old, and studiously friendly in their tone. Adrian was forced sometimes to smile when she wrote of the war — she who in the old days, when love was the only thing that mattered, had never mentioned it in speech or writing. She had much to say of the books she was reading, of the music she was playing, of the exploits of Pépin, her *berger alsacien*, but very little of her life or of herself. Adrian wrote in the same vein, and told himself that they were both very wise. He went on leave for Christmas, after the war was won, a Christmas celebrated with something of old-time ceremony at his father's house, and with a spirit of rejoicing that was truer than the old. As he whirled backward at an average speed of seven miles per hour in the 'Cologne Express,' he felt that now at last he was prepared with serenity to meet his fate.

He found awaiting him a letter from Anne. The Belgian and British postal authorities had tossed it about for a fortnight. The letter differed in tone in no way from five or six preceding letters, but it contained the information that she was shortly returning to Brussels with her parents. They, it seemed, poor souls, were anxious to scrape together the fragments of a business ruined by the war. Of her husband there was no word.

About this time the British military authorities, ever anxious that the moral and intellectual development of the troops should not be neglected, decreed that seventy-two hours' leave might be granted by Divisional Commanders to officers and men to visit 'places of historical interest.' What place, asked many a young officer, was there of greater historical interest than Brussels. What centre more suitable for the study than the Palace Hotel? When soon afterwards Adrian was offered by a relative of his *fiancée*, who had obtained a command at home, a post on his staff, which he accepted, he determined to make use of this privilege. He wrote to Anne that he would be returning to England in a month's time, and that first he would come to Brussels to say good-bye. Her reply reached him in three weeks. The post was improving.

'I am glad you are coming, and you need have no fears,' ran her letter.

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'You will find me now *sage comme un image.* Such an overwhelming melancholy — which I know you will not be vain enough to attribute to your defection — has descended upon me lately that I could not be otherwise. Yet it is not altogether an unhappy melancholy, even if a dangerous one. I think I feel things more deeply than I used to, the happy things as well as the sad, but the sad things unfortunately predominate. I play the piano, I sew, I read, I go for walks, but always with a sense of disillusion. And then often I do what used to be forbidden, I look into the future. But when you come I shall be gay, so that you shall not take back with you a feeling of *ennui.* My mother is looking forward to meeting again "*mon charmant ami.*" *Si elle savait!* I hope you are flattered.'

Adrian realized with a pang as he mounted the stairs to the flat that prosperity had indeed departed from poor Monsieur and Madame de Florens. There were no signs of it in the other tenants whom he encountered on his way. But he forgot the outside squalor when he had been shown by a smiling little capless maid into a little parlor with parquet floor so glass-like in its brilliance that it seemed a desecration to tread upon it. There was a huge bowl of pale yellow daffodils on the table that toned down the stiffness of the oak furniture. He turned to the piano and noted with a sudden catch of the breath that Debussy's '*Reflets dans l'Eau*' stood open upon it. Then he caught sight of a little Sèvres box that he had given Anne, and next a photograph of her with her wolfdog that had been taken at Deauville for him. Everything in the room seemed to conspire to assail him. He cursed himself for a sentimental fool.

'*Bon jour, mon ami!*'

Anne had come to the threshold noiselessly. She was dressed for walking, all in black, which accentuated her pallor, with heavy black fox furs, and a little hat of black straw as if in concession to the sunny day. He noted that she looked graver and more fragile than when he had last seen her, and yet more beautiful — a faëry creature, but a faëry all languorous melancholy.

He bent over her hand without speaking.

'I did not expect you so soon,' she said. 'I was going out to take tea with a friend. But you shall take me out instead, if you like. *Voulez-vous?*'

Adrian noted the '*vous*' with inward amusement.

'Yes,' he answered, 'I shall be very glad to come when I have paid my respects to your father and mother.'

'I will get mother now. Father is out.'

She reappeared in a few moments with her mother. Madame de Florens was as glad to see him as ever. He had never asked himself how much she knew. Charming and easy-going soul that she was, it was enough for her that his presence made her daughter happy.

'Where are you staying?' she asked, and when he replied that it was at the Palace, threw up her arms in mock dismay.

'*Prenez garde, monsieur!*' she cried gayly. 'A dangerous place with dangerous attractions. *En effet,*' she added, 'I think it will be safer that you return and dine with us, till you are warned of the pitfalls of Brussels.'

'I shall be delighted to come.'

Walking through the sunlit streets with Anne, Adrian studied her covertly while Pépin, the wolfdog, strained at his leash and threatened other dogs. She walked delightfully, taking rather long steps for her height, and with a sort of gliding motion. He noted that the tiny lines at the corners of her

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mouth had grown a thought deeper, and that her face seemed to bear the marks of physical suffering.

'Have you been ill?' he asked her.

'A little,' she answered. 'But my real trouble is that I have been having some struggles.'

He did not ask what her struggles had been. He waited to see if she would explain of her own accord, and when he saw she was not going to, answered merely:

'I am sorry. Are they over?'

'Yes, they are over now.'

His mind had instantly flown to that ill-tempered warrior, her husband, and after a short pause he asked where he was now. Anne took her hand from her muff, and made a little movement as though waving away something from her.

'Do not speak about him, please.'

'Look,' she went on, 'there is another snow-squall coming up. Shall we take refuge in this *patisserie?* It is nearly half-past four.'

They went in and chose the most delightful cakes from the counter.

'This beats Deauville. No war on now, is there?' said Adrian.

Anne had recovered her old gayety. She mocked at him and teased him as of old. She even dared to talk of his marriage and of how he would settle down into an English country gentleman, which being she affected to believe resembled *Punch's* 'John Bull.'

'And what I said to you at Deauville is true after all, *mon cher*,' she said. 'I can hear you warning your children to beware of the French, and especially of French women. Oh, you will be a model husband and father, I know! I should like to have a peep at you without your knowing.'

He accompanied her to her door and returned to his hotel to dress for dinner. Then once more he ascended the rather dingy stairs and once more was shown by the little smiling maid into the pleasant salon. Madame de Florens bustled in to welcome him, and told him that Anne was still dressing.

Madame de Florens was a voluble person. She poured out to Adrian in the next ten minutes a flood of reminiscence and gossip. Adrian listened with a smile. He liked her very much, but he did not think it necessary to attend to all she said. The stove beside which he was sitting was very hot, and he had been traveling all the previous night. Small wonder that a pleasant drowsiness descended upon him and that finally he came near to dozing.

And then, suddenly, he was as wide awake as he had ever been in his life. For a moment he thought that either he or his companion must be stark, staring mad. She had been speaking of Anne, and he had suddenly caught the phrase, '*feu son mari*'— her late husband.

'What did you say, Madame?' Adrian asked breathlessly.

Madame de Florens was confused. She murmured something to the effect that Anne had said she was not to speak of her husband. She was evidently very afraid of her daughter.

At this precise moment that young lady entered the room. She was wearing a black silk dress of the new narrow cut that had not yet become general in Brussels, with a short V-shaped opening that showed her beautiful neck. Pépin was at her side, and bounded forward to greet Adrian.

'Dinner will not be ready for ten minutes,' said Anne. 'The coal is so bad — *mais qu'est-ce qu'il y a?*' She looked from one face to the other, suddenly aware that something was wrong.

Madame de Florens, now thoroughly frightened, had an inspiration.

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'I think,' she said softly, 'I will go and see how Marthe is managing with the fire. She is so young, you know!' and forthwith vanished very quietly from the room. Anne sat down and put one small white hand round the neck of Pépin.

'Will you please tell me,' said Adrian, 'how long your husband has been dead?'

He tried to speak gently, but found it hard to keep the anger out of his voice. Anne showed her astonishment at the sudden question by but the faintest start and a slight deepening of color.

'Ten months,' she answered.

'How did he die? Killed in action?'

She nodded. 'He was killed on the evening of the Battle of Luke Blankaert,' she answered. 'Everything was over, and he was ten kilometres behind the line. It was a chance shell from a big gun.'

'Why have you never told me?'

Anne appeared to consider for a moment before replying.

'Because I did not want you to know till after you were married.'

'But why? Oh, I think I can guess!' said Adrian coldly. 'You were afraid if I knew you were free I might be inclined to change my mind. And you did not wish to be worried.'

Anne reflected on this statement of her motives with some doubt.

'Yes,' she answered at last. 'But no,' she corrected a moment later. 'That is not quite the real reason.'

'What is, then?'

But, alas for Anne! Hers was not the temperament that could maintain a discussion on a topic so intimate with icy self-restraint. Without more ado she put her face into her hands and burst into tears.

'*C'était*,' she sobbed —'*c'était — parceque — parceque je t'aimais!*'

Adrian made a movement as if to cross the room to her side, but checked himself. Beneath his gentleness with women was sometimes a touch of cruelty.

'If you loved me,' he objected, 'what good did you expect to do to me or yourself by lying to me?'

'I did not lie!' sobbed Anne.

'Not in words, perhaps, but in spirit.'

She suddenly withdrew her hands and faced him boldly.

'Firstly, because I had become poor, and I knew that you, who were not rich, were engaged to a girl who was. And secondly, because I did not think you would ever in any case have wanted to marry me.'

'Why?'

'Because of what you said when we were at Deauville. Because your attitude toward our love was that it was delightful largely because it had no permanence.'

'But,' said Adrian, genuinely astonished, 'that was your opinion, too, was it not? I thought we were agreed.'

Anne laughed through her tears.

'*Ah, les hommes!* Did you, *mon cher*, ever meet a woman who had such an idea? That is the ideal of the stronger, the independent, the unfaithful sex.'

'And you deliberately tried to prevent my knowing you were free for my own good?' said Adrian slowly. 'It was well you did not love me more deeply.'

But she defeated his cruelty by another flood of tears. Adrian was at her side in a flash, had drawn her up from her chair, and was kissing her hair, her forehead, her cheeks.

'*Petite amie aimée*,' he whispered. 'I was unjust. Such love as you have shown for me was beyond my imagination. Will you forgive me?'

'I should forgive you if you tried to kill me, I love you so much,' said Anne.

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Your Latin woman in love knows no reservations.

'And when you are with your English wife you will sometimes remember me?' she asked after a little.

'There is going to be no English wife, *mon amie*,' said Adrian grimly.

'What? Oh, Adrian, you must not entertain such ideas!'

'It is the fact. I will write to her tonight to tell her so. It would have been merely a *mariage de convenance*, my dear Anne. It will not break her heart. And I am not going to ruin two people's lives, particularly when one of them is my own, for a convention.'

'And all our schemes? And all our vows?'

'They were silly schemes and stupid vows,' said Adrian. 'We were clever enough to laugh at sentiment and not wise enough to see that one cannot have any real happiness without it. Now I am going to have all I can.'

'*J'ai quelquechose à te dire*,' said Anne. '*Quelquechose de très important. Ecoute!*'

He leaned forward and she put her hands on his shoulders.

'*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*'

'*Je t'aime!*'

And at her gay laughter Pépin barked joyously.

[*The New Witness*]

THE FASTIDIOUS FUTURIST, OR THE SEARCH FOR ORIGINALITY

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THE narrowest thing in the world is novelty. Innovation wears thinner than imitation. So far from liberating the mind more and more, it limits the mind more and more. For mere innovation is mere elimination. Thus, my well-wishers inform me that I am in need of a new hat. But if I insist on having a new hat in the extreme sense of an entirely novel hat, I shall find that my choice of hats is really extremely small. I must not have a tall hat because it resembles a top hat; I must not have a round hat because it resembles a bowler hat; I must not have a triangular hat because it is like an old three-cornered hat. If I turn up the brim on one side I shall recall an old romantic picture of brigand; if I turn it up on both sides I shall convey the shocking suggestion of a bishop. If my hat has no brim I shall be indentified as the very image of a Rabbi; if it has too many brims it will approximate to the proverbial tiara of an old-clothes man; and as I am a morbid and sanguinary anti-Semite, both of these resemblances will be distasteful.

The most intelligent example I know of feminist freedom and the equality of the sexes may be seen when 'Arry and 'Arriet, those pioneers of the higher comradeship, change hats on a Bank Holiday. There is quite as much high philosophy in it as there is in shuffling the social functions of the sexes; in turning women into demagogues and men into pacifists. And there is much more high spirits in it than is common in feminist books

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and articles; and high spirits are things considerably higher than higher thought. In short, I think it much better that the sexes should change hats than that they should change heads; but my own particular problem of the hat of the future, the hat that never was on sea or land, cannot be solved even by a Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath.

My appearance in a lady's hat, fascinating and even striking as such an appearance might be, would not be by the present definition the appearance of a new hat. Wide and fresh as would be the new field of choice open to me, in the matter of flowers, ribbons, feathers, and so on, it would only be the flowers that were fresh, and not the hat that they adorned. That would still be subject to the laws of cut and pattern ruling the brigand and the bishop; and I should still suffer from the crowding competition of my fathers.

It is obvious that in order to get a really original hat, I should have to act in a fashion that was fastidious as well as fantastic. I should have to seek out, so to speak, in some crooked street of some grotesque city, the original shop of the proverbial mad hatter. There may be a mathematical shape that has never yet been embodied in a hat, even in dreams; let us say something between a rhombus and an oblate spheroid. Let us say, for the sake of argument, that nobody has worn a hexagonal hat; and that I appear in one with simple pride, and am really the object of remark or even of riot. There is still a further fact to be faced in the matter; that the chances are considerably against the new but neglected type of head-dress having anything to recommend it except its novelty.

The conventional critic commonly refers to an old hat, when he speaks of a shocking bad hat. But in truth the new hat would probably have to be a shocking bad hat, since its only object is to shock. The mad hatter would have to be a bad hatter; or at least the designer and creator of a bad hat, if only by the exhaustion of comparatively good hats. In other words, there is something in the very nature of novelty, or what some call progress, which tends to grow worse and worse. It not only becomes something lower, but especially something more limited. He who perpetually puts his head into newer and newer hats, is also putting his head into narrower and narrower holes.

I have made the apologue crude in order to make it clear; and it is not more crude than some of the innovations in ethics, and especially in æsthetics. A modern artist is really discouraged from doing what has been done before, even if he can do it better; just as a fashionable woman might be discouraged from wearing an unfashionable hat, even if she looked divinely beautiful in it. I have never understood why painters, whose work is in some ways more public and permanent than is all the flutter and litter of our written and printed sheets, should be so much more fussy and fastidious than we are in distinguishing between a flutter of new things and a litter of old ones.

I do not understand why, while our own vulgar headlines remain comparatively fixed like an epitaph, their pictures are expected to change incessantly like a cinema. It is as if the painters had to keep pace with the popular phrase, which always calls a cinema 'the pictures.' A young writer is not always panting to prove that he despises Swinburne's Temple of Proserpina as a rubbish heap, or even that he has said farewell to it as a ruin. But a young painter is extraordinarily anxious to assure us that he has

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escaped from Whistler's Peacock Room as from a prison. A critic of public affairs is not necessarily ashamed of still being a Socialist or a Rationalist or a Ritualist. But an artist in paint or marble will be in an agony if he is suspected of still being a Post-Impressionist when he ought to be a Post-Post-Impressionist.

It is not obvious why the painter should be so much afraid of being behind the times, while the poet can still retain his modest hope of being not for an age, but for all times. But it can never be denied that one or two of the greatest of these pictorial innovators have an idea too subtle to be fairly compared to a grotesque fashion in hats. Behind their ambition there is an artistic theory, though I think an insufficient one; and it is not always the silly notion of novelty, but sometimes the noble idea of renewal. There are two senses in which an artist may work to awaken wonder. One is the basest and vulgarist kind of art; the other is the highest and holiest kind of art. The former is meant to make us wonder at the artist; the latter is meant to make us wonder at the world. Now, I do believe that a few men of genius, chiefly French, originally set out in a finer spirit to paint a three-legged stool in a startling fashion.

They were cheap-jacks and charlatans if they only tried to startle us with the painting. But they were poets and prophets if they tried to startle us with the stool. Many of their sect have truly argued that much of the more primitive painting, such as the early mediæval painting, has a convincing directness which is difficult even to disentangle from its faulty drawing or quaint perspective. There is an unconscious solidity about the furniture in some primitive pictures, because the three-legged stool is not standing on one leg to have its portrait painted. If it is out of drawing it is, so to speak, caught out by accident. I suppose that the more genuine new artists set out to seize this quality, at once abrupt and absolute; and the only way they could draw the stool afresh was to draw it askew.

But when all this is understood, touching the best of them, even the best are still the victims of a finer form of the same fallacy of fastidiousness. They are narrow even when they are new; because they arrive at novelty only by a process of exhaustion. It is in a literal and a double sense exhaustion; because it is fatigue. They are pricking and prodding to find the one live spot, as the old witch-finders pricked and prodded to find the one dead spot. But it is because most of the new victim is dead, as most of the old victim was alive. They are trying to find a new nerve of surprise; but that alone shows that the normal nerves are abnormally jaded. The difference between them and the mediæval primitives is that they are not fresh minds appealing to other fresh minds, but stale minds appealing to other stale minds; even if the best of them are still making an effort to startle themselves out of their staleness.

And I fancy any fair critic will be forced to find the distinction in the difference between the spiritual philosophy and atmosphere of the two epochs. The mediæval man had solidity in his creed as well as his craft; he had simplicity in his soul as well as his style. The primitive of the present day does after all draw his stool as if he had left all other stools for lumber; not as if he had never seen a stool before. He actually selects ugly things as the æsthete in the last fashion selected beautiful things. He tries to be as crude as a simple man, and yet as superior as a sophisticated man; and so he falls between two stools.

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[*The Morning Post*]

SOME MEMORIES OF AN IRISH MANSION

WITH the world at sixes and sevens, and Great Britain a little hell just now for house hunters, there is something, I think, to be said for an Irishman's home, Sinn Fein notwithstanding. There is an old world charm, the charm of pre-war days that seem so long ago, and which in Ireland's case stretch right away to the back of beyond. There is that soothing absence of hustle, a lily of the field atmosphere as far as the word 'spin,' and in the South a perfect genius for avoiding the sharp corners of life. Now and again we have our troubles. The seething pot boils over for some reason or another, as it is doing now, and as it will do time and time again, be the cook patriot or Sassenach; but it will simmer down, because Ireland is a most conservative country in which there is no such thing as public opinion.

I wonder if there still exists an Irish "mansion' from which you hunt all day, in which you revel all night, where bailiffs wait at table, and where nobody cares a tinker's curse for what the morrow may have in store! Twenty years ago I knew of such a one, and I will call it Ballyracket. The lord of that castle had died in the dim ages of a well-known Irish complaint, so that his widow reigned in his stead, and kept open house on credit due by feudal right to one of exalted rank. How she retained her indescribable staff of servants I failed to understand, until the Protestant minister confided to me in strict confidence that he had received a midnight visit from the second horseman, who, by the way, happened to be of the Roman Catholic faith. 'It's loike this, then, yer Riverence,' said the man. 'Divil a wage have I seen for seven years. Oi've sold anything I can lay me hand on — such as yearling colts, oats, hay, and harness — but there's still a matter of tin pounds or so owing, so oi've come unbeknownstloike to ask yer advoice in the little affair.'

One soft afternoon, when the leaves were falling, I received an invitation to dine at the Castle. The card, gilt-edged and heavily coroneted, was conveyed by a groom riding an unbroken colt. I was bidden to bring with me my wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, 'and that pretty governess of yours, about whom my son, Charles, is making such a fool of himself.' I replied that I should be proud and pleased to come and bring my governess, etc., and in due course I chartered an inside car. The proprietor of the car owned no horse at the moment, 'a little one having died on him' shortly before, but he was confident of the loan of a mare that was after conveying His Majesty's mails every night, but might not be required that evening. 'In any case,' I was assured, 'yer honor's requirement comes first.' Dinner was at eight, so, having three miles to go, I ordered the car for seven fifteen and it turned up at six forty-five. We left my house after a preliminary canter over the flower-beds at half past seven, and did the first half of the journey at a gallop. Then came a slight rise in the ground, and we halted with a jerk, to continue at a walk. I put my head out of the window to inquire the reason of change of speed, and was told forcibly that 'the fool mare was after dreamin' she was on her own road.'

The lodge gates of Ballyracket are of the architectural style, and nearly as impressive as the entrance to the temple of Karnak, but the dignity of our going up the famous beech avenue was marred by an accident. We ran over a donkey, asleep in the middle of

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the drive. Being an Irish donkey, she was none the worse, and we continued on our way, to draw up in due time with a splash and rustle of dead, wet leaves before an open hall door. I squeezed out of the car, and rang the bell several times without success, after which we all groped our way across the hall toward a streak of light at the end of a long passage. Our hostess was discovered asleep, with her legs up and over a dying fire. In her waking moments she failed to recognize us or to grasp, indeed, the purport of our invasion, but this having been explained, we settled down to polite conversation. My mother, being English, began with an apology for the lateness of our arrival, which she attributed to the hills. 'You are not late,' was the gracious reply, 'and there are no hills that I ever heard of.'

We sat on and on. The clock on the mantelpiece said three o'clock, and choosing a suitable moment I glanced at my watch, the hands of which pointed to five minutes past nine. My hostess caught me in the act. 'Damn that cook,' said she. 'She might have had the sense to keep sober one night in the week, especially when I have strange company to dinner.' About ten minutes later there came a burst of music, and the doors flew wide to admit three and a half couple of fox-hound puppies, three pretty daughters of the house, arrayed in Paris frocks, and 'my son Charles' in stable attire sounding a hunting horn. We all shook hands. 'It's no use cursing the girls this time, mother,' said Charles, 'the dinner, of course, will be filthy, but they 've done their best, and as you won't, or can't, be democratic to the tradesmen you must put up with what you'll get.' 'Dinner is served,' announced the second horseman, and we made for the door, tripping over puppies as we went.

The dining room, one of magnificent distances, was illuminated by two candles inserted at acute angles in a Charles I gold candelabrum. I caught a fleeting glimpse of the other Charles dragging the governess into outer darkness, and after some confusion found myself sitting next my wife. Dinner was served. The soup, somewhat cold, arrived in kitchen plates. The salmon, fresh, but raw, was dumped on chipped Crown Derby. Then came 'schnoipe,' announced in my case by the driver of my inside car, and served to all in error without change of plates. I watched my mother surreptitiously shoveling raw fish on to her salad plate, and covering the remains with a biscuit; I also caught a giggle from the governess. And so things went on. The claret was from the local grocer, and tasted so. The port was perfection, and the brandy of the year 1800. Finally Charles rose up, proposed our health, and intimated that urgent private affairs with a local bookmaker necessitated his withdrawal from the home of his ancestors. In mitigation of his offense he said he would stop at the rectory, and tell the curate to come up and take his place as host.

So Charles retired, sounding his hunting horn, and followed by the other puppies, and in due course the curate arrived with his wife and nine children, and we danced in the ball room until half past three, when my mother woke up and asked to be taken home. I was rather annoyed at first to learn that Charles had commandeered our inside car, but simmered down on being assured by the three pretty daughters of the house that there were scores of horses, all of which were very much at my disposal. About half-past four we sallied forth with bedroom candles, and beat the rhododendron bushes for something

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on four legs, to secure, after damage to Paris frocks, a pedigree mare, whom we hitched on to the family coach. And thus we trotted home, with my mother slightly hysterical, and a most delightful little foal trotting behind. Ireland is a wonderful country!

[*The Telegraph*]

FIRST-NIGHT AUDIENCES

BY W. A. DARLINGTON

Mr. Max Beerbohm, in his recently published *jeu d'esprit*, *Seven Men*, makes the statement that at one time he abandoned the habit of going to first nights, for the reason that he was tired of seeing exactly the same people every time he went to the theatre. Mr. Beerbohm was writing of some decades ago, but the confirmed 'first-nighter' is no less assiduous to-day.

The stalls at any one first night look exactly as they did on the immediately preceding first night; they might have been transferred *en bloc* from one theatre to the other, with a certain amount of shuffling on the way. This stalls audience (apart from the professional critics, who are on business, and therefore do not count) divides itself into two classes — those who have come to see the play and, incidentally, each other, and those who have come to see each other and, incidentally, the play. In the intervals between the acts, the first night becomes a society function. Nobody knows everybody, but everybody knows somebody; and a sensitive and solitary stranger, knowing nobody, who happened to drop in merely to see the play would feel almost as lonely and out of place as if he had gone to a party at the wrong house.

But it is not only the stalls which display uniformity of appearance. All over the house the same thing happens. The dress circle is nothing more than an overflow meeting from the stalls, consisting of those who applied too late or were not well enough known to be allotted the seats of the mighty. The upper circle has its own first-night subscription list, which must (like the gallery) consist of single-hearted devotees of the drama, because of the impossibility of seeing anything from those eminences but the stage; while the pit contains its particular and special blend of those to whom 'the play's the thing,' and those to whom the real attraction is the opportunity of gazing at close quarters upon the notabilities in the stalls.

This very rough analysis applies with equal truth to the present-day first-night audience and to that of some years back; but if Mr. Beerbohm now took once again to attending first nights he would notice that in the audience of to-day there is a great and fundamental difference from an audience of the time referred to in *Savonarola Brown*. It is less critical; it knows less about the theatre; and it is more easily pleased than its predecessor. The change is of such recent growth that there seems to be only one assignable cause for it — the war. But it is so easy to give the war as a reason for any and every development of modern life that it is, perhaps, worth while to give a piece of definite evidence to prove that shortly before the war the change had not taken place.

In 1912 Mr. William Archer, in his excellent manual of dramatic craftsmanship called *Playmaking*, made the following remarks: 'It is this first-night audience which in great measure determines a play's success or failure. Many plays have survived a first-night failure, and still more have gone off in a rapid decline after a first-night success. But these caprices of fortune are not to be counted on. The only

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prudent course is for the dramatist to direct all his thought and care toward conciliating or dominating an audience to which his theme is entirely unknown, and so coming triumphant through his first-night ordeal.' In 1912, then, a first-night audience might still be relied upon — in the great majority of cases — to turn down its thumbs for a bad play. In 1920 it is no longer so. The average first-night audience to-day seems inclined to swallow almost anything with a pleased smile. Play after play which has neither deserved nor subsequently achieved any length of run has, nevertheless, been 'enthusiastically received' on its opening night. The change is too marked to be merely superficial, and the only event big enough to have produced it in the last eight years is the war.

In fact, it is not difficult to see how it all came about. The war has produced an enormous shifting of wealth in this country, and this is at the bottom of the whole matter. The composition of an average stalls audience to-day is not greatly different from what it was in 1912. It consists, broadly, of the stage, of society, and of those who would like to be in society. The chief difference is that in 1912 this last class was composed of respectable people whose increasing prosperity had gradually led them to desert the upper circle; while to-day that class consists largely of vulgar profiteers, whose sudden wealth has enabled them to migrate direct from the pit or the gallery, bringing (in some regrettable cases) their oranges with them. But after all, the opinions of the stalls can have little real effect upon the fate of a play; their decorous code prevents it. It is not from the stalls that the uproarious applause, the cries of 'Author!' and 'Speech!' emanate, which ought to mean that the play is an assured success. The mouthpiece of an audience is its pit — assisted by its gallery; and it is in the first-night audience of the pit that the shifting of wealth seems to have had its most important effect.

In 1912 this audience consisted to a great extent of enthusiastic experts, who made it a point of honor to attend every first night, and were ready to stand patiently in a queue for untold hours in order to gratify their ruling passion. They were drawn from every class — the only point in common being that they could not afford more expensive seats — and their knowledge of plays, players, and people was extraordinary. It was a liberal education to listen to them, whether they discussed the piece, the acting, or the occupants of the stalls in front of them. Before the curtain rose this old guard of the pit made it a point of honor to recognize everybody of any eminence — particularly stage eminence — who entered the stalls. During the intervals their criticisms of the play were sound, assured, and based on years of experience. After the curtain fell their applause, if deserved, was generous; their applause, when earned, was unmistakable. They were self-constituted critics, with a real sense of their responsibilities in that high calling.

To-day, according to the standards of life in 1912, it costs the equivalent of six shillings to go to the pit. The old guard's traditions have in consequence been handed over for safe keeping to a new section of the community; a section brought up without any definite interest in or knowledge of the theatre, and lacking the experience necessary to enable it to discriminate between good and bad. It does its uninstructed best to carry on the tradition, but there is no subtlety in its appreciations; so long as its senses are pleasantly tickled somehow it is ready with its facile approbation.

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It may perhaps be possible to ascribe this failure to discriminate in part to the influence of the cinematograph. The coming of the moving picture theatre, with its capacity for infinite reduplication of its plays, its accessibility, its cheapness, has inevitably had the effect of extending the appeal of the theatre in general; but, while bringing into being a larger public to be entertained, the cinema has hitherto tended to keep that public in an uncritical and unsophisticated state of mind. The film, as it exists to-day, has a curiously uneven standard of excellence, due to the great number of cheap American pictures which flood the market. One nation cannot really be expected to revel in another nation's humor, and the cinema public has in consequence become inured to the experience of sitting patiently through unfunny 'comics' and ridiculous sentimentalities for the sake of the one finely-produced and gripping picture which it really came to see. It is in the same spirit, apparently, that the new amateur critics of the London stage come to the theatre. They are ready to be pleased on the smallest provocation.

This tendency is much helped by the extremely high technical standard of acting which the present-day stage has, generally speaking, to offer. In consequence, the 'first-night ordeal' has almost ceased to be an ordeal, in this one respect, at any rate. And yet—probably both playwright and actors would prefer it to be a real ordeal, after all. If 'the first-night audience in great measure determines a play's success,' then the first night does at least end the suspense. A first-night audience determined to be pleased is about as much use as the well-meaning but uncandid friend who, pressed for a searching criticism, reads through a young author's manuscript and says, 'Yes, very nice indeed!'

[*Le Figaro*]

THE TWO BROTHERS: AN ARABIAN FAIRY TALE

BY ELISSA RHAIS

Once upon a time there were in Smyrna two brothers, one very poor, the other very rich. On the eve of the feast of Ramadan, the poor brother sought out the rich one.

'My brother,' said he, 'pray give me a few pennies that I may buy sweetmeats for my poor, unhappy children.' It was raining in torrents. The rich man replied:

'Go stand naked under the rain pipe by the eaves, and then roll on the floor of my barn. The grain which sticks to your body shall be yours.'

The poor man was humble and naïve. He obeyed.

When the sun shone once more, he put the thimbleful of grain he had been able to gather on a paper, and set it in the light to dry. A gust of wind blew both the paper and the grain away. The poor man returned to his brother and told of his misfortune.

'*Emchi ect Terressïa*—Go to Terressïa,'* cried the rich brother.

The poor man retired, perplexed.

'To Terressïa—to Terressïa,' he repeated all the way home. 'By my wretchedness, I swear that I shall go forth to seek him.'

And over hill, over dale, went he.

Now it came to pass that just as night was at hand, a fig tree bade him take shelter under her boughs. He slept till the morning. Just as he was about to take to the road again, the fig tree said to him:

'Where are you going, brother?'

'To Terressïa's.'

'If you find him, will you ask him why it is the other fig trees bear fruit whilst I am barren?'

*As we might say in English, 'Go to the devil.'

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'I promise this, my friend.'

The poor man walked on another day's journey. Toward nightfall, as he was seeking a shelter, he happened to see an eagle by the roadside. The eagle dragged one wing as if it were broken, and with the other sheltered the traveler.

In the morning the eagle said:

'Where are you going, brother?'

'To Terressïa's.'

'If you find him will you ask him why it is the other eagles fly, whilst I must hug the earth?'

'I promise this, my friend?'

A little farther on, our hero came upon a river impetuously flowing. The river quieted its waves to let him pass.

'Where are you going?' said the river.

'To Terressïa's.'

'If you find him will you ask him why it is the other rivers have fish in them whilst I have none?'

'Yes, my friend, I promise you this.'

Finally the traveler came to a field of wheat. An old white-bearded man stood amid the ears, a golden scythe on his shoulder.

'I greet you, friend,' said the old man. 'Whither go you?'

'To Terressïa's.'

'Terressïa? I am Terressïa. What do you want with me?'

'I have several errands,' began the traveler.

The old man bent to listen.

'I slept under a fig tree which bears no figs and would know why; an eagle sheltered me beneath his wing, he cannot fly and would know what holds him to the ground; a river that has no fish in its waters asked me to find the reason of its barrenness.'

The old man raised his head.

'My friend,' said he, 'when you have crossed the river and are safe from its pursuit, you shall cry to it — "Terressïa says, that only after you have eaten a man's life, shall fish be found in your waters." When you have found the eagle, lift his wing, a huge stone lies in the joint, and forbids his flight. As for the fig tree, about its roots lie buried many jars of pomegranates which drink the nourishment of the earth.'

'And what will you give me and my children?'

The old man gave the traveler his golden scythe.

'There,' said he, 'take this.'

The poor man went away none too well contented.

He came to the bank of the river.

'What did Terressïa say?'

'When you have let me pass I shall tell you.'

The river made itself shallow. When the traveler had reached the summit of a neighboring hill, he cried:

'Terressïa says: "you must eat of the life of a man before fish may be found in your waters."'

The river rose swiftly and roared and foamed in its effort to reach the hilltop. It called; it promised the traveler marvels. But he did not yield to the call, and ran away swiftly, leaving the waves of the torrent raging, foaming out their despair.

The next night, he again discovered the eagle who gave him shelter under his wing. In the morning, the traveler felt in the feathers of the wing joint, and drew forth a diamond as big as a walnut. The eagle, freed of its burden, trembled with joy, and soaring sought the highest heavens.

Having carefully hidden away the diamond in a knot of his belt, the traveler hurried on to the fig tree. Lo, the jars of promegranates were jars of golden coins!

The news of the traveler's riches spread through the city. His sister-in-

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law, nearly mad with curiosity, determined to discover the source of his wealth. She was astounded to see his new palace with walls of marble and its mosaics of silver and gold. The brother-in-law told her the whole story. Home she went to upbraid her husband.

'Your brother has become rich,' she wailed, 'all your wealth could scarce buy his drinking cup. Oh, my husband, do not let us thus be shamed. You, too, must go to Terressia.'

The rich man put on some of his brother's old garments, and went over the hills and far away.

When he got to the fig tree, he found its branches laden with fruit. The eagle planed in the sky. And when he came to the river, it called to him, and swallowed him up.

[*The London Mercury*]

ARCHITECTURE AS FORM IN CIVILIZATION

BY PROFESSOR W. R. LETHABY

Towns and civilization are two words for nearly one thing; the city is the manifestation of the spirit and its population is the larger body it builds for its soul. To build cities and live in them properly is the great business of large associations of men. The outward and the made must always be exact pictures of the mind and the makers. Not only is this so at any given stage, but it is so all the more in a going concern, for the outward is always reacting again on the inward, so that the concrete becomes a mould for the spiritual. Man builds towns so that the towns shall build his sons.

William Morris says somewhere that the religions of antiquity were the worshiping of cities. It may seem strange this idea of city worship, but it explains much in the history of art, and we need something of a similar sort even now: this and other worships besides and beyond. Before the recognition of the universal and the national we require a much deepened sense of the civic. *Here* comes before the *Beyond*. Almost the greatest question of the time is the one of finding wells for the refreshment of our vitality — the inducing of national spirit, town spirit, and home spirit. Such spirit is a very subtle essence, and yet it dwells in houses, and cities are its reservoirs.

One of the ways in which civic spirit, pride, and love must be refounded is in the sense of historical continuity. Such a sense of regional reverence is being cultivated in France on a definitely psychological basis, and those alert Americans have already begun to work the ground of their antiquities. A publication of a local historical society, issued as far back as 1900, contains an account of what they in America call 'An Old Ipswich House.' It begins with some words which I must quote: 'The extraordinary production and large circulation of the historical novel is but one of the consequences of the remarkable growth of patriotic societies in this country in the last few years. One

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of the most admirable results of the movement is the widespread interest in the establishment of local historical societies in the old towns of New England. [Older towns of Old England, please note and copy.] These societies have a very fascinating work before them in the collection of local records, the preservation of old buildings, in the marking of historic sites. This soil is fertile and delving therein bears rich fruit of interest, love for the community, heightened civic feeling, encouragement of local improvement, and a care for the future of the town.

Germany has long consciously cultivated this field for spirit production, and I remember an official tract on the psychological value of Ancient Monuments in promoting national consciousness. It is in Denmark, however, that an effort to promote national spirit has been most systematically based on a common knowledge of national traditions, arts, and music, and spread by means of their admirable 'Folk Schools.'

Monumental history is a stirring, vital thing: it can be touched. In every town every child citizen should know the story and antiquities of that place. This has always been the way until now. 'What mean these stones?' the children say, and we answer, 'I don't know.' The history that can be seen is a strong and stimulating soul food, entirely different from vague and wearying written history.

The historical starting post is only one of many ways of approach to fine forms of civilization; we must not wait on the order of our going, but go at once and from every point at once. Much is being thought and said about Housing and Town Planning; they are both of the greatest possible importance, but they are not all. We need at least a third to go with them — that is a general cleaning, tidying, and smartening movement, an effort to improve all our public and social arts, from music to cooking and games. We must control and tax advertisements to some order, bring pressure on the railway companies to sweep the microbes out of their stations, and we must whitewash our own back yards.

The danger is to think of housing and planning as technical matters for experts. It may almost be feared that current talk of town planning and garden cities may harden with a jargon-like political formulæ. Our arts and customs are indexes and pictures of our inner life. Fine bridges, clean, smiling streets, liberal public buildings are not merely shapes and nothing more. They are essential to our sense of order, brightness, and efficiency, to our pride, confidence, and content. A sore protesting slapped-in-the-face feeling cannot be good for the temper and digestion. A civilized life cannot be lived in undisciplined towns.

More and more we become the victims of our words and live frightened by names. Such a name is Architecture. In its mystery vague and vain pretensions may be shrouded, in its shadows hide many minor superstitions about correct design, the right style, true proportions. High priests arise who are supposed to know subtle doctrines and can point the way to æsthetic safety. Surely these potent and indeed blatant facts might raise doubts as to the dogmas. The mystification about 'architecture' has isolated the intimate building art from the common interest and understanding of ordinary men. To talk with a believing architect on his theories is almost as hopeless as to chaff a cardinal. All the ancient arts of men are subject to the diseases of pedantry and punditry — music, painting, poetry all suffer from isolation.

Architecture is human skill and feel-

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ing shown in the great necessary activity of building. It must be a living, progressive structural art, always readjusting itself to changing conditions of time and place. If it is true it must ever be new. This, however, not with a willed novelty, which is as bad as or worse than trivial antiquarianism, but by response to *force majeure*. The vivid interest and awe with which men look on a ship or an engine, an old cottage or a haystack, come from the sense of their reality. They were shaped so by a higher power than whim, by a higher aim than snobbery. So must it again be with our buildings: they must be founded fast on the rock of necessity.

Wordy claims are often made for 'Architecture' that it is a 'fine art,' and chief of all the arts. These two claims are indeed incompatible and contradictory. Any mastership in architecture depends on its universality and its service. It is only chief in the sense that he who serves is the greatest. But the 'fine arts' are by definition free from conditions of human need, and architecture was specially ruled out from among them by Aristotle. Even so, this idea of fine art unconditioned and free for delight was a heresy of the Hellenistic decline. To Plato and the great masters even the 'musical' arts were to be not only healthy but health-giving; they were to be foods for the soul and not æsthetic raptures and intoxications.

On the other side of the account it may be objected that bare utility and convenience are not enough to form a base for a noble architecture. Of course, they are not if 'bare utility' is interpreted in a mean and skimping and profiteering way. All work of man bears the stamp of the spirit with which it was done, but this stamp is not necessarily 'ornament.' The unadorned indeed can never stand as low as that which is falsely adorned in borrowed, brazen bedizenments. High utility and liberal convenience for noble life are enough for architecture We confuse ourselves with these unreal and destructive oppositions between the serviceable and the æsthetic, between science and art. Consider any of the great forms of life activity — seamanship, farming, housekeeping — can anyone say where utility ends and style, order, clearness, precision begin? Up to a point, and indeed a long way on, 'style' is a utility. We have to begin again and look on architecture as an art of service from the communal point of view.

The faces of buildings which are turned outward toward the world are obviously of interest to the public, and all citizens have a property in them. The spectator is, in fact, part owner. No man builds to himself alone. General interest and intelligent appreciation of public arts are a necessity of civilization. Civic alertness, honest pride, or firm protest are not matters of taste for a few; they are essential activities of the urban mind. In cities, buildings take the place of fields, trees, and hedgerows. Buildings are an artificial form of nature. We have a right to consideration and some politeness in buildings. Our cities do not wholly belong to profit lords, railway companies, and advertisers.

Architecture, however 'properly understood,' not only concerns the man in the street, it comes home to all householders and households. While our eyes have been strained on the vacuity of correct style, the weightier matters of construction and efficiency have necessarily been neglected. We need grates which will warm, floors which may readily be cleaned, and ceilings which do not crack. These and such as these are the terms of the modern architectural problem, and in

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satisfying them we should find the proper 'style' for to-day. Architecture is a current speech, it is not an art of classical quotation. It has become a dead language. The house of the future will be designed as a ship is designed, as an organism which has to function properly in all its parts. Does this not concern everyone, not only as economy and comfort, but in the mind? Our houses must be made to fit us like garments and to be larger projections of ourselves. A whole row of ambiguous words, such as design, ornament, style, proportion, have come between us and the immediately given data of architecture. Design is not abstract power exercised by a genius, it is simply the arranging how work shall be well done. The more necessary the work and the more obvious, simple, and sound is the foresight, the better the design. It is not a question of captivating paper patterns, it is a question of buildings which will work. Architecture is a pragmatical art. To design in the Classic, Gothic, or Renaissance styles is as absurd as to sculpture in the manner of Praxiteles, paint 'like' Holbein, or write sham Shakespeare. We do not really need a waxwork art by Wardour Street professionals. We require an active art of building which will take its 'style' for granted, as does naval architecture. Modern building must shake itself free from its own withered and cast-off skins.

It is commonly supposed, and architects themselves in older days believed it, that an architect's business was to be an expert in style. Modern practitioners have kept up a 'battle of the styles' without any such basis for their logic, or rather their eloquence. But what is or was a style? It is a museum name for a phase of past art. As a means of classifying what is dead and done the style labels are quite useful. It has, however, to be kept in mind that these styles, while they lived and moved, were processes which began, continued, and passed into something else. They were only phases like those of the changing moon. That which now professes to be designed in a style has not the essence of life. It is, therefore, not actually of the style which it simulates but is only in the 'style' of the style.

Indeed, the essence of all the old arts was in their vitality, their response to the natural conditions and the psychology of their times. The better we seem to reproduce their dead images the more we are unlike their soulselves. There is little more reason for an architect to pretend to work in a style than there is for a chemist. Architects are properly arrangers and directors of certain classes of structures. I would like to say that they were building engineers, were it not that our engineers have failed so shamefully in hiring themselves out for any form of exploitation and in showing no care for orderliness and decency. All the past of architecture, as of engineering and shipbuilding, belongs to us, of course, as race experience, but only as far as the same is true in all fields of science and literature.

The 'Orders' of architecture are names for particular forms of ancient Greek temple building. Style-names apply to all past fashions of buildings, orders only to three — Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. The names are useful as history, but that is all.

Style in a modern and universal sense is equivalent rather to 'stylish' than to a style; it interpenetrates the whole texture of a work; it is clearness, effectiveness, mastery; often it is simplification. We have to conceive of it in the building art as we do in literature or athletics. 'The style is the man'— yes, and it is also the thing

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itself. It is an informing spirit, the spirit of form, it is not a varnish. We have become so accustomed to architecture looking 'dressy' that we have forgotten the logic of clothes and bury buildings good enough in themselves under outgrown rags. It has been a true instinct which calls sham architectural features 'dressings.'

Another word which the architecturally superstitious whisper with great awe is proportion. In dealing with such a limited field as the 'orders,' old scholars examined existing examples by measuring them very carefully to find out their proportions; but, if we had them, Greek chairs and tables might be measured in exactly the same way. No general rule of the Greeks has ever been found out by these measurings, and if it had it would prove nothing for us. Proportion, of course, rests properly on function, material, and size. There may be a perfect proportion, for instance, for a certain class of ships, but that will only be discovered experimentally, and not by measuring Greek galleys.

I wish I could find some leverage of argument to bring a sense of citizen responsibility for form in life into the minds and hearts of all, but right and reason are hardy enough. We may, perhaps, hope more in a sense of international rivalry in the works and evidences of life. Civilization is an Olympic contest in the arts and sciences, a sort of international Eisteddfod. It is admitted that we must have literature and we must have music: we must also have building skill, and we have to aim at inducing a flowing tide in all the things of civilization. Of words and arguments I am rather hopeless. One thing only I would ask of every benevolent reader: that he would take notice of what he sees in the streets. Do not pass by in a contemplative dream, or suppose that it is an architectural mystery, but look and judge. Is it tidy, is it civilized, are these fit works for a proud nation?

Look at Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly Circus, and that terrible junction of Tottenham Court Road with Oxford Street. Play a new game of seeing London. We need a movement in the common mind, a longing to mitigate the vulgarity and anarchy of our streets, and the smothering of the frontages with vile advertisements, a desire to clean the streets better, to gather up littered paper, to renew blistered plaster. Some order must be brought into the arrangement of the untidy festoons of telegraph and telephone wires hitched up to chimneys and parapets. These are the architectural works which are needed as a beginning and a basis. The idea of beauty, daily-bread beauty, not style pretenses, must be brought back into our life. Every town should set up an advisory committee on its betterment. We must try to bring back the idea of town personality and town worship; we must set up ceremonies and even rituals to bring out a spirit of pride and emulation. If we can only stir up general interest all will yet go well or at least better. By exalting our towns we should make a platform for ourselves.

Therefore, leaving the things of the past, press forward to produce, to be, to live. Remember Lot's wife. There is much talk of patriotism, but patriotism requires a ground on which to subsist; it must be based on love of home, love of city, and love of country. Let nothing deceive us — civilization produces form, and where noble form is attained there is civilization. Life is a process, a flow of being, and where there is this vital activity music, drama, and the arts are necessarily thrown off. Living art comes on a tide of creative intelligence.

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THE ARTS AND LETTERS

THE FUTURE OF SERIOUS WORK

The difficulties which attend the publication of books not intended for a large public, and the lapse in general culture which is certain to follow such a condition, have already been discussed in these columns. In a recent number of the London *Outlook*, Miss Edyth Goodall, producer of the now very successful *Young Visiters*, has discussed the future of the intellectual theatre. Miss Goodall is a very able woman. The foundations of her reputation were laid at Manchester, where she played in Miss Horniman's company; her rôle in *Within the Law* placed her in the front rank of English actresses, and as the Lancashire woman in *Hindle Wakes* she has established a genuine tradition. Said Miss Goodall to the interviewer:

'In every branch of theatrical enterprise, at the present time, the position is an extraordinarily difficult one. The cost of production is enormous, and it is impossible to take the same risks as before the war. One theatre which cost £50 to rent in 1913 costs £500 a week to-day, and lighting, heating, and the salaries of people engaged—apart from the actors and actresses—in connection with the production of a play have gone up enormously. The price of seats has been raised, but the difference, which seems considerable to the public, has no effect in balancing the budget, as it is only a government tax. I do not think, however, that much is to be gained from raising the price of seats proportionately to the increase in expenditure. I am inclined to think that the people who would have paid anything for a stall a few months ago, and who went to the theatre four times a week, are beginning to take stock of their resources, and that any fresh attempt to put up the prices will keep too many of them from going to the theatre at all.

'The difficulty about producing "serious" drama is that under present conditions it is essential to play "to capacity." You have to pack your theatre at every performance to pay your way. And you cannot pack your theatre by producing *Nan* or *The Silver Box*.

'There is a public, however, for good comedy, when good comedy is to be found.'

La Patrie est en danger is the thrilling cry which in every crisis of French history has brought Frenchmen to their feet. Well, La Patrie of art, of literature, of distinction *est en danger*. Shall the civilized world remain deaf to the cry? It does so at its peril.

Probably it will all end by the arts having some endowment. Our millionaires give millions for scientific research; there are institutes and laboratories for the study of every unholy malady and pestiferous bacterium; there are funds on hand to send the greater part of the adult population of the United States on yearly scientific junkets to the Himalayas, there are richly dowered business institutes, efficiency institutes, and card index institutes, *and not a single fund in existence to assist the publication of a novel of distinction which may lack 'popular'*

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qualities, or help produce a meritorious play. There ought to be such a fund, and I offer this suggestion to any millionaire who wishes at once to benefit his kind and attain a real immortality.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S new play *Defeat* has been put on at the Lyric in Hammersmith.

Defeat hardly amounts to more than a scene. The theme is that of Rossetti's 'Jenny,' so treated as to enable Mr. Galsworthy to have his say about war. The girl is German, she has been a governess in an English family, and taught little children their prayers. Now she is on the streets, pretends to be Russian, and believes in nothing. A young officer, invalided home, has taken pity on her, and accompanies her to her poor lodgings, apparently in London. The difference between him and the men she is accustomed to meet has a tremendous effect on her, and she tells him her story.

The two discuss the war. Just as he is leaving, after she has begged a kiss and he has kissed her on the forehead, the news is cried in the street outside of a great British victory, and in a moment all the church bells are ringing. She seizes the money he has quietly placed on the table — she has only a shilling of her own — throws it after him, and after a hysterical outburst casts herself down on the floor.

The piece consists of a long discussion, culminating in a dramatic moment. The discussion is conducted with Mr. Galsworthy's usual insight and fairness, and the characters are drawn with his usual sympathy and that pity which just stops short of love. Hence, as is so often the case with Mr. Galsworthy's plays, one's interest though intense is curiously cold.

THE ridiculous travesty of Barrie's *The Admiral Crichton*, known as *Male and Female*, is now loose in London. *The Miracle Man* is also being shown.

FOR some years after the Mayflower reached New England it was touch-and-go with the hardy settlers. If in 1624 Edward Winslow had not had the good fortune to save the life of the Indian chief Massasoit, probably all the new colonists would have been massacred. Even in 1637 there was a close shave, but victory rested with the settlers, and the joyful tidings were sent home by Philip Vincent, whose *True Relation of the Late Battell Fought in New England between the English and the Salvages* was duly published. The copy of this, offered in the final day's sale of the Pembroke books at Sotheby's recently, is probably only the second survivor of this first edition. Americans nowadays are as eager to collect Pilgrim history as they are to buy Elizabethan plays, and consequently this 1637 relic realized as much as £660 (Quaritch). From the 1638 (the second) edition it is known that the particular 'salvages' were of the Pequot tribe. Another bit of Indian war correspondence was Captain John Underhill's 1638 *News from America* on the *warlike proceedings these two years last past*, the Pembroke copy of which brought £495; William Penn's *Frame of the Government of Pennsilvania*, reaching £104 (Harper), and William Wood's *New England's Prospect*, 1635, the second edition, £128 (Quaritch).

THE following review of Gerhart Hauptmann's latest story comes from the pages of the *Athenæum*.

'Gerhart Hauptmann will always be remembered first as a dramatist; in prose fiction he has hitherto achieved no really enduring success. His novel *Atlantis*, it is true, had a very large

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circulation in Germany, and in an English translation it gained enormous popularity in the United States during the year before the outbreak of the war. The same is true of his story *Der Narr in Christo: Emanuel Quint*, which continues to be issued in new impressions of its original German edition and is still circulated in translations. But the first of these was, frankly, very much inferior to Hauptmann's dramatic work; its remarkable popularity — as is not infrequently the case — was not deserved. Of the second, a modern Christ-story, it may be said that, although competently written — anything from Hauptmann would at least be that — its striking subject, not its intrinsic value, was the main reason for the very large circulation it attained.

'This latest story, *Der Ketzer von Soana*, has a good claim to be considered as Hauptmann's masterpiece in narration. In subject it is not very original; it is the story of a priest's struggle against the allurements of the senses and the temptations of passion, to which he eventually succumbs. The priest, Raffaele Francesco Vela, is a young and earnest man, placed in charge of the small parish of Soana, a village of the Ticino, situated on a height overlooking the Lake of Lugano. It is necessary to note these geographical particulars because they form an important part, an essential part, of the story. Soon after his arrival Francesco makes the acquaintance of a strange, wild man, who seeks him out one evening. This unkempt creature is found to be almost incapable of speaking the language of the district, or any recognizable human language at all; and further inquiries, zealously pursued by the priest, show that the man lives higher up the mountain, shunned and abhorred by all the people of the parish. The village gossip ascribes to him a life of peculiarly repellent sinfulness, and he with the woman he calls his wife and the children born of that unnatural union are scarcely ever seen in the parish, or, when seen, are jeered at and stoned. Naturally the story appeals to the priest's religious fervor, and he determines to do his best to reclaim these guilty creatures and prepare them for religious instruction.

'With this object he makes his way to the hut or cave in the mountain where the family of Luchino Scarabota — for that was the wild creature's name — led their isolated existence. The road ascends the Monte Generoso, and Hauptmann, with his account of the young priest's journey, has given us one of the best pieces of Alpine description to be found anywhere in modern literature. Although he is too earnest and too much absorbed in his mission to his flock to be a lover of nature, the gorgeous appearance of the landscape at the end of March makes a new and deep impression on Francesco's mind. This turns to terror as he progresses; signs of primitive nature-worship are seen on the hillside, idolatrous images whose meaning he could only dimly divine from his early reading of the classics. And the conduct of Luchino Scarabota, when at last he arrives at the dwelling place of that abandoned creature, confirms his belief that this country is full of demons. For the almost speechless, shaggy, wild half-animal throws himself at the young priest's feet and kisses them like a dog.

'Luchino's wife, more coherent, comes forward and makes a confession, assuring Francesco that she is innocent of the sins she is charged with by the gossips of the parish below. Finally the eldest daughter is presented, a creature of natural beauty and artlessness. This is the beginning of the temptation, to which at length

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in spite of fastings and discipline and the advice of the bishop of the diocese, he ultimately falls, to be thereafter an exile from the parish.

'The form of the story is worth noting. What has just been summarized is put into the mouth of a goatherd living apart from his fellows on the slopes of the Monte Generoso, to whom the writer of the tale comes one day, after learning strange rumors about him in the valley. The goatherd is, of course, Francesco himself, and his narration his own story. This kind of reduplication is not a new device in fiction, particularly in the genus, the "Erzählung" or "Novelle," to which Hauptmann's work belongs. But it is employed with undeniably fine effect; as a well-planned piece of narrative the story can have very few rivals in contemporary German fiction.

'Its other remarkable characteristic has already been hinted at. This is the wealth of description it contains. Picture after picture of extraordinary beauty is brought before us; the whole story is infused with the color of the Alps in spring, the gentian-covered mountain is, as it were, itself made to play the part of a character in the tale, a background to the staging symbolizing the luxuriance of nature, its uncontrollable beauty. And into the scene thus arranged Hauptmann has fitted, with perfect naturalness, the figure of the outcast goatherd, symbolizing in his turn the primitive man, unpolished but also unspoiled by convention, the type which the eclogues of Theocritus and Virgil impressed forever on the imagination of the world. Rarely in prose German literature has the classic spirit been so finely recaptured as in this story.'

THE following note on American interest in Operatic Art comes from the columns of the *London Telegraph*.

'All seems to show, that the interest in opera in English is indeed a growing concern. Perhaps some readers will recollect that some months ago I suggested, in order to derive a maximum benefit for the cause, a kind of reciprocal arrangement whereby America and England might organize a system of opera in English to be given here and in the United States by English and American singers. I heard little enough about the idea here, but from America I obtained a fund of information. As an example, let me quote one letter. The writer says, "Your suggestion that an American Beecham do for opera in English in the United States what Sir Thomas has accomplished here assumes on the part of the American public a love of operatic music for its own sake. There has never been any indication of such a passion in the United States. Opera in New York and elsewhere is a social function, and implies nothing more, beyond blind worship of certain popular singers, than snobbery. To what extent this was true here in old days I do not know, but if the occupants of the 'diamond horseshoe' followed Caruso and Farrar to Buenos Ayres, the best performances ever given in the Metropolitan could not fill the house. Opera in English is not a live issue in America and never will be one until music is divorced from society; it is entirely immaterial to the American operatic public whether operas are sung in English, Aztec, Choctaw, or Sanscrit!"

'The writer is a well-known American and a music lover. Another American friend said to me when I pointed out to him the above letter, the sentiments of which he cordially supported, and asked for an explanation of the popularity of *Parsifal* in English in the States that *Parsifal* is regarded by the devotees not as opera at all, but as a quasi-religious ceremony!'

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[*The Athenæum*]

APRIL: A SHAKESPEARE READING

BY DOROTHEA SUMNER

Closely the formal hedges close us in,
The great white clouds look down on us to see
How very merrily we all begin
To read a tragedy.

There at our feet like little china toys
The hyacinths many-colored stand and stare,
Utterly inattentive to this noise
Of quarrel in the air.

The 'Duke of Bedford' in a crimson rage
To 'haughty Bolingbroke' has given the lie,
When gently flits above his fluttering page
An early butterfly.

And there we plead and stammer and get hoarse,
Basking in sunlight, while the breezes bring
Down from the common with the scent of gorse
The laziness of spring.

[*The Poetry Review*]

WHEN THE CLEAR WIND SINGS

BY M. P.

Oh, when the clear wind sings and rushes
Between these curving hills,
Your voice once heard across deep waters
For me the valley fills.

No walls, no roof the star worlds hiding
Can fret my spirit then,
No words or laughter hold me spell-bound
Within the haunts of men.

Mid magical unbounded spaces,
The lonely few may tread,
Drawn by the singing of bare branches
To woods untenanted.

The everlasting years surround me,
The years of light remain,
And there for one immortal moment,
I walk with you again.

[*The Poetry Review*]

THE LITTLE ATTIC OF DREAMS

BY VIVIENNE DAYRELL

From moonrise unto moonset
I leave this world behind,
And steal into the labyrinths
And chambers of my mind.

Down long, dim corridors I pass,
Through arches and through rooms,
By temples and by lonely lakes,
Past gardens and past tombs.

By sunny, marble terraces,
By lilied pools of sleep,
By glades all full of bird song
Or wrapped in silence deep.

And up a crumbling shaded stair,
Where roses bloom and fade,
Into a tiny attic room
Where broken dreams are laid.

Each night I come quite silently,
Each night I softly go
And kiss each timid, little thought
That none will ever know.

. . . . . .

From moonrise unto moonset
I steal away, to find
Those little, old dead dreams that lie
In the attic of my mind.

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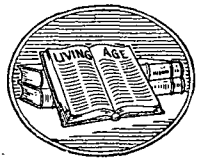

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